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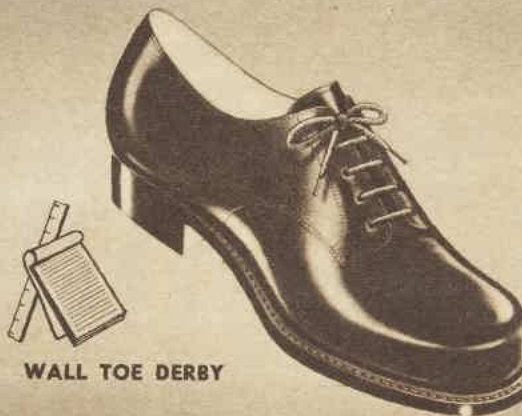
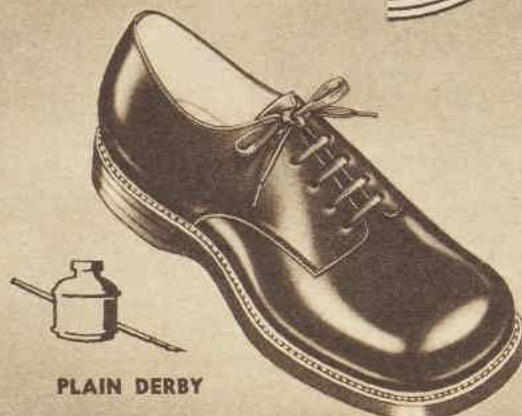
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See page 15

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Cynthia

By Nina Hooke

THIS rather poignant little story, as you might suppose from the title, is about a girl called Cynthia. Cynthia Marilyn Hughes Christie. Eighteen years old, with black hair and impeccable antecedents. Not long home from a Swiss finishing school and now living with her widowed mother in a slightly decayed but expensive quarter of Mayfair.

Having learned so much about this wayward but delightful young person, you will no doubt be dismayed to find, as you read on, that she makes no actual appearance in the telling of the story.

I'm sorry about this, but she couldn't, you see. She spent the entire evening locked in the bathroom by her mother as a preventive measure. It was one of those bathrooms built into the interior of the house, with no proper window but only a skylight about twelve inches square.

So, as there was no possible way out for even the most determined female of normal proportions, we shall simply have to leave the poor girl there. How she passed the time between seven-thirty p.m. and midnight I have no idea.

At a guess I would say she banged on the door and yelled until she was hoarse, then probably gave up and chewed up the soap in sheer rage and frustration.

It was pretty high-handed parental strategy; but then Mrs. Hughes Christie was that kind of parent. And I am bound to say I think she dealt in a neat and practical manner with the situation which had arisen.

We will now proceed to the scene of our story—to wit, a bachelor flat in the Knightsbridge district owned by a gentleman of the name of Dudley Mason.

It would be invidious to say that Mr. Mason had a questionable reputation. He had a reputation, certainly; but no one ever questioned it. They took it for granted. He was the kind of man of whom women say with a sigh and a shrug, "Oh well, you know Dudley."

He looked neither more nor less than his age, which was forty-five. He was entirely English, but he had the soigne good looks which one associates with continental aristocracy. It amused him to indulge in long conversations in French or Italian with head waiters.

It also amused him to exert his charm on susceptible young females. He meant them no harm. On the contrary, on the basis that all experience adds to the sum of human knowledge, he probably did them some good. He was not vicious—merely unreliable.

Mr. Mason's apartment was an echo of his personality, being furnished with quiet good taste and moderate luxury.

At the hour when our story opens, which was about eight o'clock on an autumn evening, it was looking particularly inviting. There was a fire in the grate, the curtains were drawn, soft shaded lights illumined the room with a rosy glow, and there on a supper table laid for two, with a bottle of champagne waiting alongside in an ice-bucket.

The gentleman himself was informally elegant in a velvet dressing-gown over soft shirt and dress trousers. It was clear, from the way he consulted his watch and smoothed his hair with a restless manicured hand, that he was expecting a visitor.

He put the finishing touch to the supper table by tucking a spray of orchids in one of the napkins, then stepped back to study the effect. It pleased him very much. He was smiling in a dreamy, contented way when the door bell rang.

Glancing quickly at his reflection in the mirror, he hurried out and crossed the narrow hall. His smile, alas, did not outlive the moment when he flung open the door. In fact, it vanished from his face with the startling suddenness of a diagram wiped off the blackboard with a sponge.

Please turn to page 4

Cynthia was locked in the bathroom...that's why she doesn't appear in this story.



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PV13

STANDING on the threshold was a tall, fair woman in a blue fox wrap, a woman of commanding presence and undeniable attraction, but a good twenty years older than the one he was expecting, and a total stranger to him.

"Good evening," she said. "Have I the doubtful pleasure of addressing Mr. Dudley Mason?"

Mr. Mason gulped and agreed that she had. "I'm sorry," he added, "but I'm afraid I don't quite—"

"You don't know me. Is that what you were going to say?"

"Well, yes. It was."

"Never mind. You soon will. May I come in?"

"I hate to seem inhospitable," he said, "but really it isn't awfully convenient. Perhaps some other time..."

To his dismay, the lady chose to ignore the hint. She stepped in, grasped the door, and closed it firmly behind her.

"Thank you," she said unnecessarily, and walked across the hall, followed a trifle apprehensively by her unwilling host. On the threshold of the living-room she paused and gazed about her.

"H'm. Very snug. I must say. In the best tradition of the rendezvous indiscreet."

Then, in answer to the interrogatory noises being made by Mr. Mason, she turned on him a cold blue stare. "You don't know me, it's true. But you do know my daughter Cynthia, it seems."

"Good gracious, you don't mean—"

"Oh, but I do. I'm Cynthia's mother."

It took a lot to jolt Mr. Mason out of his studied composure, but on this occasion he was very nearly flummoxed.

But such were his powers of recovery that in less than three seconds he was himself again. His aplomb was perfect. "I'm delighted to meet you," he said; "simply delighted, believe me. Of course, I felt sure a girl like Cynthia must have a charming mother, but I wasn't prepared to find the mother even lovelier than the daughter."

It was now Mrs. Christie's turn to be flummoxed. Being not quite so mentally agile as her host, she gazed at him for a moment in surprise mingled with something that bordered on admiration.

Finally she said, "Dear me, if these are the tactics you used on Cynthia, Mr. Mason, I'm not surprised the poor little thing was bowled over like a rabbit. However, now that we have introduced ourselves, so to speak, I would like to draw your attention to this letter."

She opened her handbag, drew out a sheet of notepaper embossed with the address of the apartment, and remorselessly read aloud what was written on it.

"Cynthia sweet,

"Every hour until the one that brings you to me will drag on leaden feet. Don't know how I shall exist till Friday. What a good idea to tell the Matriarch you are going to stay overnight at the Hadleys'. Clever pettiks! So this is just to say, as if you didn't know, that I shall be awaiting you here at the time arranged, with the deepest lovingest burningest longing.

Cynthia

Continued from page 3

"Your own till the heavens fall—"

Doody."

A short silence followed. Then Mrs. Christie said frostily, "The bit about the matriarch is good. I like that other line, too, the one about being her own till the heavens fall. Very pretty figure of speech."

"It's a statement of fact. I was—and they have," Mr. Mason said sadly.

Mrs. Christie stared at him again. "Do you mind if I sit down?" she asked.

Mr. Mason assented with alacrity. He slid the fox wrap off her shoulders, propelled her to the settee, plumped the cushions and seated himself on a brocaded footstool at her feet.

"Comfy? Good. Now we can have a nice cosy chat about all this. First, would you think me unreasonable if I asked how that letter came into your possession?"

"I found it," Mrs. Christie said guardedly, "in Cynthia's room while I was helping her to dress for the dance."

"Quite. You wouldn't—forgive me—have been looking for something of the sort?"

"Well, to be candid, I was. You see, you made a tactical error. It was so extremely odd of Cynthia to want to go to the Hadley girl's coming-out dance. They couldn't bear one another at school."

MR. CHRISTIE paused for a moment, staring at Dudley Mason. "I knew there was something the matter with the child. These last few weeks there's been the same peculiar look on her face that she had last year, when she was in love with Gregory Peck."

"I see," said Mr. Mason. He added with a sigh, "I suppose you think I'm the most frightful bounder."

"I'm convinced of it," Mrs. Christie said blandly.

She suddenly rose, strolled over to the supper table, lifted the lid of the covered dish and inspected the contents.

"What a shame," she remarked. "I'm sure Cynthia would wish me to apologise on her behalf and to explain that she is—er—unavoidably detained."

Mr. Mason accepted both apology and explanation with a deprecating gesture.

"But at the risk of hurting your feelings, I must tell you that even if my daughter had been able to keep the appointment, she wouldn't have enjoyed her supper."

With a soft laugh, Mrs. Christie continued, "She doesn't care for lobster. And she hates champagne. She says the bubbles get up her nose. Deplorable, isn't it? But what can you expect at that age? The young have no palate."

Mr. Mason reflected for a moment, and then remarked, "I suppose I should have done better to lay on shrimp paste and lemonade?"

"Now that would have been far more in her line."

"It only shows you how inexperienced I am."

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Would you be offended if I suggested sharing this champagne with someone who'd appreciate it?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, I came here to make a scene," Mrs. Christie said.

"Don't do it," Dudley Mason begged earnestly, as he drew the cork and filled the glasses. "Don't spoil this memorable moment."

The faintest pink spread over Mrs. Christie's cheeks as she took the glass that was proffered her.

"Really, you are the most amazing man—"

"All my life," said Dudley Mason softly, "I've been looking for someone like you. I believe it was because there's a little of you in Cynthia that I was momentarily attracted to her."

Mrs. Christie said dimly, "This interview doesn't seem to be turning out quite the way it was meant to."

"Does anything ever turn out as you plan it? And aren't the most unexpected things often the most enchanting? Just imagine—if you had been the guest I expected this evening, I might have been bored to death by teen-age chatter. What can be more tedious than the enthusiasms of the very young?"

"You're so right. Cynthia's full of them. But why do we have to talk about Cynthia?"

"Why, indeed?"

"Tell me," Mrs. Christie asked, as her eyes roved again over the table, "what are you going to do with the lobster?"

"Couldn't we share that, too?"

Later, when the shells were finally picked clean, Mrs. Christie murmured, "I must say you're the perfect host, Mr. Mason."

"Oh dear, how formal that sounds!"

"I'm afraid it does—but I do hope you aren't going to ask me to call you Doody, because I don't think I could."

"You can call me anything you like. And I mean that. From you, I'd take it. The worst wouldn't be as bad as I deserve."

Mrs. Christie giggled.

"For trying to seduce my daughter?"

"Gracious, no. For taking so long in getting to know you."

"Oh, really, now—really, you are the most villainous man. But—shall I tell you a secret?—I must confess I'd been dying to meet you! I'd heard the most vivid things about you."

"Am I as bad as I'm made out to be?"

"You exceed my worst expectations," Mrs. Christie said happily.

"Splendid," Dudley Mason said. In the act of recharging the glasses he paused and remarked, "Do you know, I don't even know your first name?"

"It's Margarita," Mrs. Christie told him shyly. "People who know me very well," she added, "are allowed to call me Maggie."

Mr. Mason raised his glass to her. He said, "To your lovely eyes, Maggie!"

They were married six weeks later.

As Cynthia ruefully commented when she told me the news, there's a moral in this story somewhere, if we could only make up our minds what it is...

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Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hill

A Column Written from the Wendel Special W to XXXXXXOS Fashion Salon

I HAVE some very exciting news for all the ladies in Melbourne who require a larger-than-average fitting. My new Melbourne Frocks Salon is abundant with wonderful frocks, suits, coats, and toppers in sizes from XXXSW right up to XXXXXXOS. These fashions are specially made with the larger-figure-type in mind. My manufacturers have expertly designed every garment to flatter your figure no matter whether you are BIG or SMALL. (Location, The Centway—259 Collins Street, Melbourne).

I AM very proud of my coat-tail and evening gown section—it's the first time you large ladies have had so many glamorous evening frocks to choose from. As typical examples I have chosen a balerina frock in moire tulle in wonderful colours. Sizes WX to XXXOS. Priced from £5/11 to £10/5/11. Also full length evening gowns in crepe, tulle or faille. Some are exquisitely beaded. Priced from 10 gns. to 20 gns.

FOR a dress that's really smart you can depend on famous makes such as Leroy & Resell—see my collection of Angora dresses tailored in softest Angora. Pastel shades to blend with everything you wear. Sizes from WX to XXXXXXOS. Priced from £7 to 12 gns. (These dresses have the well known Resell & Leroy label!)

MY coat section is bursting with the largest range of coats you've seen in many a long year. No matter what type of coat you have in mind I am sure you will find it in this collection. Wonderful fabrics, including gabardine, whipcord, mousseline, batiste or velour. In sizes from WX to XXXXXXOS. Priced from £6/11/6 to 28 gns.

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J. Wendel Hill

1st Floor, 147a King Street, Sydney, MA5794.
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I'll Show Them...

By Nancy Jay

Meg heard the car in the yard just as she reached the kitchen door, and turned, to see Charlotte step out, waving a greeting.

She felt she could have borne it if Charlotte had been unsuitably dressed; in towny, over-fashionable clothes, incongruous to the grey-green landscape.

But naturally, being Charlotte, this was not the case. She wore a brown felt hat, unadorned, expensive, a beautifully cut brown suit, a hand-knitted jumper, and hand-made brogues.

Only the gossamer nylon stockings were perhaps out of key, and they were a justifiable concession to Charlotte's perfect legs. The single string of pearls, the brown suede gloves were the last straw.

Meg nearly threw herself on to the muddled, tractor-tutted yard and screamed aloud.

The effort of control, that forced her to wave back, to smile and call "Hallo, Lottie," seemed to shake her to the core. She felt she'd never be the same woman again.

"Darling, what has happened?" Charlotte said, and ran toward her up the path, to stop a few paces short of Meg and stare.

Meg pushed her too-long black hair back from her eyes with her upper arm, glanced down at her hands, her soiled dungarees, the caked mud of her boots.

"Come in, Lottie. I'll put a match in the fire, and have a bath, and then come and talk to you properly."

"But what has happened, darling?"

Meg smiled wearily. "The pedigree heifer has presented us with a calf, so we've been up half the night."

She led the way across the kitchen, usually so bright and charming a room, but musty now with half-smoked cigarettes, empty cocoa cups, and a pile of kindling heaped near the fire to dry.

Meg went to the sink: she must wash before she could even find the matches or put on a kettle, conscious that Lottie stood behind her, looking about the untidy room.

"If only I'd known you were coming," she said helplessly.

"Well, you couldn't have stopped the cow having her calf, could you, darling?" Charlotte answered brightly.

"Jimmy will be in in a moment." "I'm longing to meet him: I can't believe you've been married for two years."

"No?" Meg led the way into the sitting-room. It was tidy, for it had not been used since the week-end, but it was cold, and the petals from the flowers in the tall white jug had dropped on to the floor.

Meg stooped to the fire. Her dark hair swung forward about her pale cheeks.

"You've put on weight, darling," Charlotte said.

"I expect so," Meg agreed.

"It suits you, darling."

Worn out, on the verge of tears, Meg looked up suspiciously. Was Lottie sneering? Instantly she was ashamed of herself. Charlotte was a generous person, conventional and charming.

"I've put the kettle on; we'll have some coffee the moment I've had my bath."

Suddenly Jimmy was standing in the doorway; his hair needed cut-

ting, Meg saw. He looks a complete ruffian, she thought.

"This is Jimmy, Lottie. Jim, this is Charlotte Stevens. I've often told you about her."

Jimmy smiled wearily. He went into the scullery, but came out again just as Meg started up the stairs.

"Meg," he shouted, "we're out of the drench; you'll have to go up to the Smiths' for some more."

"I can't, Jimmy," she was beginning, but he cut her short. "You'll have to, because I can't leave things at present."

"Can I—?" Charlotte began.

"No," they both chorused. "You'd never find the Smiths' farm," Meg said, "and Smith wouldn't give it to a stranger."

When she got back Charlotte had tidied the kitchen, washed up the cups and put everything away neatly in the wrong places.

It was time to prepare lunch, so Meg had to make do with a good wash and a pair of tolerably clean

slacks. Her green dress and careful make-up would merely seem an anti-climax now. All she could do was to give Lottie as good a farmhouse meal as was possible. Cold ham and baked potatoes, home-made butter, and stewed apples with cream.

"You do live well, darling," Charlotte said, and ate minute quantities of the good food before her, while staring with veiled astonishment at the enormous amount consumed by Jimmy.

Hungry after her night's vigil, Meg could not for very shame eat all she needed, while the slender Charlotte sat beside her smoking

ILLUSTRATED BY
RON LASKIE

Jimmy's eagerness was infectious, and in spite of herself, Meg smiled. "It's lovely," she said.

Hard work all the time was bad enough, but it proved the last straw when a glamor girl came visiting

innumerable cigarettes, her long, crimson-tipped fingers playing a little self-consciously with a gold lighter.

"We'll have a nice long talk by the fire this afternoon," Meg said determinedly, with a half glance at her husband.

"All right, I'll feed the hens," he said, "but you must cook up the pig food, don't forget."

Sitting by the fire, relaxed in the warmth, the old intimacy between the two women gradually reasserted itself. Jimmy heard them when he passed the door, or stood for a moment waiting for the saucepan of pieces for the hens. "Old Boyce," they said. "And Nuttall. And the man with the dreadful Air Force moustache!" And their laughter echoed out into the farmyard.

All names he did not know. And all belonging to amusing people

apparently; he scowled a little as he fixed the milking machine. He hoped this fair, bright, brittle woman would be gone when his jobs outside were finished.

With satisfaction he heard her car leaving as he finished milking the last two cows. Unconsciously his attitude relaxed. After all it was nice for Meg to have a girl friend for the day sometimes.

"Hey, Meg, darling," he called and then braced himself in complete amazement as she flung herself into his arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"Nothing, really," she said uncertainly.

Jimmy grunted. Then, "But I thought you'd had such a nice afternoon with Lottie."

"I have—in a way."

Please turn to page 58



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A short story
complete on this page

By J. R. BYERS

Everybody's Business

THE little grey man in the battered hat sat like the others on the floor, his back against the wall, his hands obediently half raised.

Thirty feet away, just inside the door, his tool bag lay open against the radiator on which he had been working when the thin-faced man with the queer eyes had come into the high-ceilinged old office with a small automatic in one yellow-gloved hand.

Close to the tool bag a plumber's blowlamp muttered and hissed as it spat a foot-long blue flame.

Unlike the three stocky, well-dressed men who sat beside him, there was no tension in the shabby little grey man's posture, no anxiety in the worn lines of his face. And while his faded blue eyes studied the scene in front of them, it was without excitement, almost without interest.

The thin-faced man was kneeling in front of the vault now.

"Of course, if I liked, I could make you do this for me," he was saying. "But I just like to keep myself well in practice always."

He shifted the gun from his right hand to his left, and pulled off the glove with his teeth. Beneath the yellow pigskin his hand was sheathed in death-colored rubber.

"There ain't six other blokes in the country to-day can do this," he boasted as his fingers closed tightly about the combination knob. He pressed his ear against the vault door and began to turn the knob with slow precision. His eyes and the muzzle of his gun did not leave the men at the wall.

For perhaps a minute there was no sound but the muted clicking

of the lock's tumblers. Then the thin-faced man stood up. He was smiling now. Like his eyes, his smile was not quite normal.

He threw the lever and swung the vault door open. "It's all in knowing how, see?" he said happily. "All in the old know-how!"

He turned to fling a triumphant glance at the three who stared back in wretched silence.

"And now I want those sparklers you took off the boat this morning," he said in a different voice. "Move quick, one of you—or I'll let the gun talk for me!"

One of the well-dressed men was middle-aged; the other two were in their twenties. The middle-aged man spoke now, heavily, with a slight accent.

"Get them for him, Carl," he said, speaking jerkily with an effort. "He means it. He will shoot!"

The young man next to him got slowly to his feet. His face was white and desperate.

He protested, "But they are not insured yet, Uncle Jacob! We will be bankrupt if we lose them. My wife—the babies—"

The thin-faced man jerked his gun imperatively. "Cut the chatter!" he commanded. "Are you going to get them?"

"No!" Carl cried out suddenly; and flung himself towards the man. The little gun cracked sharply. Carl dropped to his knees as the ejected shell tinkled against the wall. His hand was pressed against his right shoulder and blood began to ooze between his fingers.

"The next shot'll be for keeps!"

the thin-faced man snapped. "Get into that vault!"

"No," young Carl cried again. He was staggering to his feet and lurching forward; and behind him the other two were scrambling erect, shouting inarticulately.

The little grey man sat without moving. He seemed almost unaware of what was happening. Certainly he did not seem to care about it.

"All right!" the thin-faced man said savagely. Levelling the gun at Carl's chest he pressed the trigger. There was no explosion. For an instant he jerked futilely at the slide of the jammed automatic.

SEIZING his advantage, Carl rushed the man; the others, still shouting, close behind. He brought the flat of the gun down on Carl's head, pushed the half-stunned man into the path of the other two and leaped towards the door. But he did not open it.

Dropping the useless gun, he snatched up the sputtering blowlamp in one swift, smooth motion, and turned to face the three men. "All right!" he said again. "All right, smart monkeys!"

Carl first and then the other two had nerved themselves to defy the gun. But before the spitting, blue-flamed horror in the thin-faced man's hand they huddled like sheep now; like sheep allowed themselves to be driven back to stand against the wall where the little grey man still sat.

The thin-faced man was laughing.

"You won't talk your way out of this," the intruder said, turning the blowlamp towards the old man.

"And now we'll collect those sparklers," he said. "And then I'm going to shut you smart monkeys up in the vault and leave you there! Maybe some of you'll still be alive when they find you."

Only then did the little grey man give his first sign of awareness. Heaving an unhappy sigh, he struggled to his feet.

"But if you did that, it'd be murder," he said mildly. He had taken off his battered hat and stood with it in his hand as he confronted the thin-faced man. He still seemed quite unafraid, but now an expression of childish annoyance had crept over his face.

"Your robbing these people wasn't none of my concern," he went on peevishly. "Don't approve of jewellery anyway; all vainglory and tomfoolishness! But murder's different. Murder's in the public domain, you might say. It's everybody's business!"

The intruder had been swinging the lamp in a lazy arc. He extended the arc to include the little grey man now.

"You won't talk your way out of this, Grandpa," he said, and again his voice and his smile were triumphant, boasting. "You'll be in there with 'em, helping 'em to breathe slow!"

The little man shook his head. "Don't think so," he said shortly.

The muttering flame had swung towards him threateningly. The little grey man moved the hand that held his hat in a quick, whipping motion. The lamp continued to hiss angrily. But the savage blue flame was gone.

"All right, you chaps!" the little man ordered in the same peevish voice.

Half an hour later, when the police had removed their prisoner and the doctor had gone, the middle-aged

man approached the little grey man, busy once more with the radiator beside the door. He walked carefully wide of the relighted blowlamp.

"I still don't understand," he said. The little man looked up at him with the irritation of an interrupted craftsman.

"I have seen these things"—the middle-aged man gestured towards the grumbling lamp—"outdoors, in strong winds. They do not go out. But you—"

The little grey man shrugged impatiently.

"It would take a hurricane to blow one of them out," he agreed. "But about the first thing a plumber learns is that you can slap them out easy and quick. With a piece of sacking, say. Or an old hat!" For an instant his lips curled in a wintry smile.

"I suppose," he went on, "it's just like that fellow said—all in the old know-how."

There was a folded slip of paper in the middle-aged man's hand. He extended it now. "For you," he said. "We are grateful."

The little man unfolded the cheque and studied it for a moment. "A hundred pounds, eh? Think well of yourselves, don't you?" His voice was faintly angry.

He held the slip of paper to the tip of the blue flame, watched it char to nothingness.

"I never took so much as a penny in my life I hadn't earned, mister! And I don't aim to start now!"

The middle-aged man protested sharply. "You saved our lives!"

"Was saving my own, too, wasn't it?" the little man pointed out peevishly.

"But isn't there something you'll let us do for you?" The middle-aged man's voice was almost humble. The little grey man pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Well," he conceded at last, "you can buy me a new hat."

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

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NEW SERIAL BY THE REMARKABLE
YOUNG AUSTRALIAN AUTHOR
CATHERINE GASKIN



*The future, radiant with promise,
was beckoning to Susan, but the
past rose to call her back with
voices that would not be denied.*



Paul took Susan's arm as she tried to hurry away. "It's obvious Louis is waiting for you," he said. "Why don't you see him now and get it over."

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN MILLS

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY

SUSAN knew something was wrong from the moment the plane touched down. There was the weakness in her knees and the way her mouth had gone dry, and afterwards, while the luggage was being examined, there was that little silence of strain and apprehension between herself and Paul, all pointing to the fact.

She knew she would be nervous, of course, but that didn't wholly account for this fluttering of panic, this sensation of events moving past too quickly for her to get a grip on them.

And because he was in love with her, Paul knew about it also. While they waited for bags to be loaded into the car, he slipped his arm through hers in that familiar gesture of assurance. She let her finger-tips rest on his palm. Before she moved forward to get into the car she increased the pressure slightly on his hand.

All this was done without their looking once at each other, but somehow it re-established the contact which had been broken when Susan first looked down while the plane circled over London, and had known what she was coming back to.

The car began to move off. "Cigarette?" he said.

"Thanks." She bent towards the lighter he held. Then because she realised that she must be honest with him, she suddenly spoke her thoughts aloud. "I'm afraid, Paul."

He didn't fuss; didn't even turn in her direction. "You don't have to go through with it. You needn't see him if you don't want to."

She flushed, and didn't care that he

might notice it. "Louis would say I'd run away."

He said quietly: "Does it matter what Louis says?"

Foolishly, even now she told the truth. "It used to matter very much."

He flicked his cigarette impatiently. "It's six years," he said. "He will have changed."

She was sure of her words now. "Not enough. He's still going to be the same Louis . . . clever, charming, superior, and just human enough for me to have loved him." She added quickly: "I'm afraid of him."

He tried to compel her to deny it. "You're not afraid of him, Susan, but of the person you've imagined him to be."

She said firmly, as if it were a lesson she had learned to repeat: "I have never imagined Louis to be anything but what he is. He is just himself, no excuses, no apologies."

"Then he probably thinks of you that way. He may be afraid, just as you are."

"No." She shook her head. "Louis has never been afraid of anything in his whole life."

She went on hurriedly, "We quarrelled about that in the beginning—I suppose he thought me a coward. But after that it seemed impossible for either of us to see the other's point of view. We were like strangers, never understanding each other . . . never trying to understand. It wasn't marriage, it was just bedlam."

She said finally: "It's humiliating to have failed so completely. We made such a mess of it—such a terrible mess."

They lapsed into silence. Paul wanted to question her. All the years of not asking questions irked him now, and he wasn't able to begin. Humiliating . . . he wondered if she meant that exact word. After all, the final victory had rested with her. She had scored the last point of their battle in leaving Louis and coming back to America.

She had left the child as well. Perhaps that was what she had meant by humiliation. He began to understand that she had been nursing—incredible that he had not seen it before—the thought and memory of failure, and it had burst into unhealthy ripeness in the past hour.

He turned so that he could see her face more fully. It was a habit of his to look at her when she was unaware of it. He liked to allow his eyes to rest on her, dwelling on each detail of her dress and grooming. She was beautiful, and she had a beautiful body—disciplined, in perfect proportion.

Very clearly he could remember the day, more than four years ago, when she had come to him for a job. One of his editors had introduced her, and she'd asked, boldly enough, for a position on his biggest women's magazine. He had admired the confidence which made her do it, and he had given her the job.

Six months after he'd ridden his own hunch and made her fashion editor. He'd waited then for the results of his own recklessness to trip him up, but she'd come through even as he hoped she would. He gave her a sharp rise in salary. Susan hadn't thanked him. She always knew her own worth.

Breaking their silence, Susan said

suddenly: "It grows so much more difficult than I imagined. I wonder why suddenly I have this fear that things may go wrong."

"There is nothing," he said, "to go wrong. The divorce comes up for hearing in two months, and after that there's nothing but to wait until it's final. There's not a thing to go wrong."

"There's Midge," she said. "Suppose he doesn't agree to let me have her? I don't believe he's capable of spite . . . but then I'm not sure. How can I know in what way these years have changed him? I think it's that I'm afraid of—the unexpected in him."

"In Paris," he said slowly, "it didn't seem possible that you could be afraid of Louis. If you felt this sort of danger we shouldn't have come."

She said urgently: "The very fact of being in Paris made it impossible not to come."

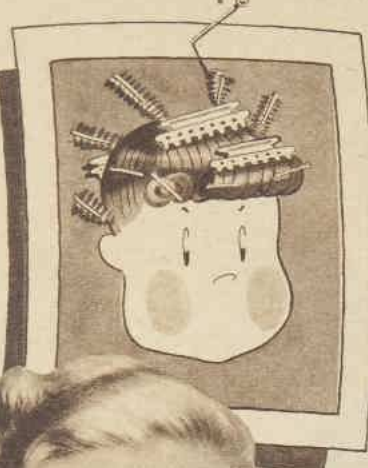
His brows creased down heavily. "You went to Paris to look at fashions. That was business."

"This is business of a more desperate kind. I think," she said steadily, "that if I'm to have custody of Midge it will be only because I've talked to Louis . . . because I've persuaded him to let me have her."

"Do you think," Paul said, "that any of the decisions will be left to you? If Louis wants the child, he'll keep her, and there's not a thing you can do about it. If you get Midge it will be by his gracious consent." His voice had a thin edge to it, but she had seen his shoulders relax, and knew he was making up his mind to be patient.

Please turn to page 10

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All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 9

SUSAN silently took up the thread of thought she had been following. Paul had been patient for a long time now, and only he could have appreciated the urgency of her demand that they cut short their stay in Paris and come over to London.

It hadn't been easy to leave it behind. Paris had been incredibly lovely in this season, and she, who had never seen it before, fell wildly in love with it. Every moment which could be spared from the salons was spent with Paul discovering its charm and beauty.

He taught her the Paris he had known before the war, when he had been a correspondent for one of his father's papers, and it was not the Paris of the tourists.

But much as she loved Paris, she had insisted on coming here to arrange the final details of a divorce and there were going to be petty wranglings over the child they called Midge, and whose real name was the absurdly old-fashioned one of Alexandra Charlotte.

These were but the broad outlines; this was what, in Paris, she had thought simple and uncomplicated. But now small shadings were creeping in to color the picture.

Louis seemed no longer merely the vague figure whom she had done without for six years in New York; disconcertingly he was coming to life as a person with a disturbing power to shake her confidence and security.

One couldn't readily picture Louis against a new, peace-time background. He had fitted too well into the tumult and chaos of war. Even their meeting had run along the conventional pattern of the period.

His brother, Racey, had introduced them in a night-club, and they had danced until she was exhausted, because the air-raid had lasted all through the night. In the packed, smoke-filled room they had talked and laughed, and it had been incredibly wonderful to walk home in the dawn, with the mad brightness of many fires still in the sky, and to feel the beginning of love.

They had breakfasted together, the three of them, in her flat, and afterwards they had left her with the breakfast dishes still scattered on the table, to get a train back to their R.A.F. station.

There had been much laughter, and they were as careless and unthinking as two boys with a day of idleness ahead of them. But she had known from their talk that they expected to go on operations that night.

That evening became, in memory, like many others. She grew accustomed, as time went on, to coming home from the Embassy and finding one or the other, even both of them, waiting at the flat to take her out—or when the time was short, to eating a meal there and listening to her records.

Strange to think, that with the two so much alike it was difficult to pin-point a difference between them, she had loved Louis and regarded Racey with amused indifference. As if to oblige her, he had remained amusing and charming, tried laughingly to make love to her, and had approved when Louis had asked her to marry him.

NOT more than a few months after they met, Louis and Susan had been married in a half-shattered church in the village of Hythebourne, where Louis lived. The day of her wedding she had met his parents for the first time, and despite Racey's assurances, she knew they were disappointed and alarmed.

They accepted the arrival of an unknown American into the family with characteristic calm but no warmth, and the situation had never altered.

She shared life with Louis with the peculiar intensity which war seems to demand. They expected much of each other, expected, perhaps, that each should provide for the other the relief from the strain which their natures craved. Knowing each other too little, and loving too much, they had failed.

Please turn to page 48

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SQUARE DANCING attracts large numbers of people, young and old, to Anzac House, Perth, on Thursday nights. Left: Band leader Harry Black with Cliff Adams (Spanish guitar) and George Cairo (violin), two of the five "Hill Billy Ramblers" who provide the "hoedown" melodies. Above: Eager beginners try an elementary square dance after the call, and an exhibition team have shown how it is done.

£6000 SQUARE DANCE CONTEST

Helpful do's and don'ts for competitors

Square dancing is colorful and informal, as befits a pastime that has its origins in the folk dances of the world.

Like most such dances, it depends for much of its charm on teamwork rather than individual excellence.

CONTESTANTS in The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest should remember this fact.

Here are some of the other Do's and Don'ts of square dancing:

- DO keep your squares compact.
- DO remember to keep a smooth movement. You lose the grace of the dance if you hop or bounce.
- DO make neatness and freshness a golden rule.
- DO clap in time with the music when you are standing waiting for your call.
- DON'T anticipate what your caller is going to say. He may never say it.
- DON'T race your caller, as he will speed up and it will become a race to the finish.
- DON'T miss out your balance and bows as these are part of the niceties of the dance.
- DON'T think it funny to swing your partner off her feet. Square dancing is not a wrestling match.
- DON'T jive or jitterbug. Save it until you are "cutting a rug."
- DON'T tramp. It isn't a march.
- DON'T roll up your sleeves, gentlemen. There is no wood to be chopped.
- DON'T over-dress, ladies. Too many "bits and pieces" are at a disadvantage in square dancing.

In its modern form square dancing owes a great deal to the frontier days of the United States.

The costumes for dancers are based on the long calico dresses and the cowboy outfits of the "Wild West."

These calico and cowboy outfits are still worn for square

dancing. Mostly, however, they have been modified to suit modern tastes and conditions. The majority of women now wear colorful peasant blouses and circular skirts, and the men wear open-necked shirts and sports trousers.

One thing to remember is that low-heeled shoes for women are a "must."

Contestants in The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Square Dance Contest will be asked to dance to impromptu calling in "The Square Dance by the Billabong," the song specially written by Vernon Lisle for our national competition.

They will also be required to do one or all of the three dances, "Glory, Hallelujah," "Denver Waggon Wheel," and "Merry-Go-Round."

These are fully detailed in Joe Lewis' book, "Square Dancing for New Dancers and New Callers," which is now available at booksellers in Australia.

Joe Lewis, 33-year-old Texan square dance expert, will arrive in Australia on May 30 to give square dance exhibitions and judge the contest.

We reproduce from his book the first part of his instructions for "Glory, Hallelujah," by permission of his Australian publishers, Angus and Robertson. It is danced to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

First little lady, promenade The inside of the ring. And when she is home again Give her a great big swing; Step right out and face about, Side couples fall in line; Lady go right and the gent go left, And march around the ring.

Joe Lewis explains:—

"First little lady, promenade": The first lady promenades alone, to her right, inside of the ring and back at home she swings with her partner twice around. They finish this swing facing out, backs to the centre, the lady on the man's right side.

"Side couples fall in line": Number two falls in behind number one, number four behind number two, and number three will be in line without having to move.

"Lady go right and the gent go left": The lead lady turns right and dances around a half-circle until she meets her partner, who has turned left and is coming to meet her. The other men and girls follow the leads. The lead persons meet at the home spot of their opposites.

They join hands, men right to ladies left, and march down the centre to their original home position; the other couples follow the leads. At home the lead couple breaks the hand-clasp and the man and girl face each other—the other couples do the same, although they are not at home. There should now be a line of ladies facing a line of men, the lines about four feet apart.

The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest will be conducted in conjunction with Joe Lewis' square dance exhibitions at David Jones Ltd., Sydney, the Myer Emporium in Melbourne and Adelaide, and Boans Ltd., Perth.

Prize-money of £6000 will be divided as follows:

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS—£3200. (This money that each member of the team of eight will receive £400.)

STATE CHAMPIONS—£450 for each team member winning teams still eligible to win the Australian Championship.)

SECOND PRIZE in each of five States—£110 (£12/10/- for each member.)

THIRD PRIZE in each of five States—£60 (£7/10/- for each team member.)

The winners of each State championship will be given return trip to Sydney by air and one week's holiday in Sydney at the expense of The Australian Women's Weekly. They will compete in the Australian Championship to be held in Sydney on Sunday, August 11.

The Australian championship team will be given a last night's holiday in Sydney.

Teams will consist of men and four women. Team emergencies, one man and woman, must be nominated.

There is no age limit and no entry fee is required.

Contestants are required to complete the entry form on page 20 and forward it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, before June 2, marking the envelope "Jubilee Square Dance Contest."

• Entry form, page 20.

Contest programme

JOE LEWIS will give square dance exhibitions as follows:

Sydney: David Jones, June 4-9.

Melbourne: Myer Emporium, June 18-23.

Adelaide: Myer Emporium, July 2-7.

Perth: Boans, July 16-21.

Brisbane: Cremorne Theatre, July 30-August 4.

State Championships will be held at:—
Vic.: Town Hall, Melbourne, June 23.

S.A.: Tivoli Theatre, Adelaide, July 7.

W.A.: Anzac House, Perth, July 21.

Qld.: Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane, August 4.

N.S.W.: Trocadero, Sydney, August 8.

The Australian Championship will be at the Trocadero, Sydney, on August 11.

Pacific islanders get international aid

Experts toil in remote areas to raise native living standards

From AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter in Noumea

One of the great social and humanitarian experiments of our times was advanced a stage further during the South Pacific Commission's meeting at Noumea early this month.

Plans approved at the meeting will affect the health, prosperity, and happiness of 2½ million Pacific Island natives.

SENIOR commissioners and their delegations from six different nations also reviewed the work done in their respective areas since the first South Pacific Conference in Nava last year.

At that conference, native delegates from 15 territories made 42 requests for improvement of their people's living standards.

Headquarters of the South Pacific Commission is a green-cream building three miles from the old French colonial town of Noumea.

During the war it was U.S. South Pacific Base Command. For the conference a minor shuffle of the Commission's

permanent staff accommodation gave visiting delegates bedroom and office space in the Hollywood-style headquarters building.

Because the building is just across the road from palm-fringed Anse Vata Beach, and is open to the first breath of breeze, it is the most pleasant working place in Noumea.

But for added coolness the occupants follow the tropical practice of placing electric fans on the floors of their offices and rooms.

The delegates to the conference were warned to bring their swimming trunks, because an early morning swim in the sparkling waters of the coral reef-protected bay begins most Commission working days.

Professor K. O. Shatwell, Professor of Law and Dean of the Faculty of Law at Sydney University, declared the session open.

Before he did he said to me: "This is one organisation where we all know we are doing something worth while and work hard to get it done."

Evidence of the work done to date by the Commission can be found in the specialised information indexed away in steel filing cabinets—information that has been gathered by graduates of the world's universities to improve the lot of the Pacific Island native.

Men and women scientists and researchers of six nationalities are constantly adding to the store of information by their field work in remote and arid atolls or on jungle-grown isles.

Among them is Miss Sheila



Malcolm, an Australian nutritionist.

Miss Malcolm trained at the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy, Melbourne, and later studied at Melbourne hospitals. She was a Y.W.C.A. welfare worker at B.C.O.F. Headquarters, Japan, and has worked in India.

Following a year's investigation into diet deficiencies of native infants after weaning, Miss Malcolm has been re-engaged by the South Pacific Commission for a further two years' work.

She will continue the same line of investigation in the New Hebrides in an area where the natives are prosperous and can afford to buy European food.

Then she will go to the Maskelynes Islands, where the natives live wholly on traditional foods.

Mr. William D. Forsyth, who was formerly counsellor at the Australian Embassy at Washington and is now Secretary-General of the South Pacific Commission, told me about Miss Malcolm's work.

"As more than half the deaths among native infants occur immediately after weaning when they are put straight on to adult foods, we regard Miss Malcolm's investigations as urgent," he said.

Another Australian girl now in Suva doing important field work for the Commission is Miss Shirley Fenton.

She is a bacteriologist with the research team investigating the most suitable technique for diagnosing tuberculosis in the South Pacific.

The Gilbert Group and other coral atolls, scarcely ten feet above sea level, with no fresh water, no pasture, and very little soil, are at present the subjects of a Commission project.

"What we have to do first," said American Dr. H. G. MacMillan, executive officer for Pacific economic development, "is find out what is needed to make the natives self-sufficient."

"The coral atoll natives' chief food and chief source of income is coconuts.

"What are they to do—sell the coconuts and starve or eat the coconuts and have no money to buy from outside the necessities of life?"

"There are fewer natives now than there were in the time of Captain Cook. No white man could survive their hardships.

"We will find out how to increase their soil fertility, control insect pests, increase the coconut yield—and consequently their income."

The first coral atoll survey is now being made by Dr. L. R. Catala, of the Institut Français d'Océanie, Noumea, Mme Catala, and Mr. R. L. Mason, an officer of the Fiji Department of Agriculture.

The Catalas have gone to Tarawa, in the Gilbert Group, and may be away for eight months.

Mr. G. G. R. McKay, formerly Secretary of the Department of Island Territories, and now New Zealand senior commissioner, spoke enthusiastically of the Commission's plans to give reading matter to native peoples.

"As things are at present," he said, "a native learns to read and write English or French at school. But when he leaves, he perhaps never sees another book.

"The door to general knowledge and his means of easy contact with the open world is shut."

The Commission's Literature Bureau hopes to persuade publishers to produce books specially suitable for native reading.

"A scheme along these lines is already functioning in Africa with very good results," Mr. McKay added.

Other Commission projects include tuberculosis research, the control of pests and diseases which could ruin crop production, and teaching illiterate natives.



CREAM AND GREEN Commission building overlooking lovely Anse Vata beach was wartime U.S. South Pacific Base Command. In taking over, Commission had only to change AND of Command to read ISSION (above).

SECRETARY-GENERAL of the South Pacific Commission, Mr. William D. Forsyth, and his wife on the sundeck of their penthouse apartment at Noumea Headquarters. Flags are those of Commission's six member nations (left).



NEW ZEALAND Senior Commissioner Mr. C. G. R. McKay has spent 30 years in the islands, and was formerly Secretary of the Department of Island Territories.



PROFESSOR K. O. SHATWELL, Australian Commissioner (right), is amused by what Mr. H. D. White, Adviser to the Australian Delegation is telling him.



ADMINISTRATOR of Overseas France and Director of the Cabinet of the High Commissioner for the Pacific, Monsieur P. C. J. Bonnard, talks best with cigarette in hand.



AUSTRALIAN GIRL doing important field-work for Commission is nutritionist Miss Sheila Matilda, who for next 12 months will work in New Hebrides.



COMMISSION'S Executive Officer for Economic Development, American Dr. H. G. MacMillan, has office percolator in office.



NETHERLANDS Senior Commissioner, Mr. J. B. D. Pennink, Minister of the Netherlands at Wellington, New Zealand.

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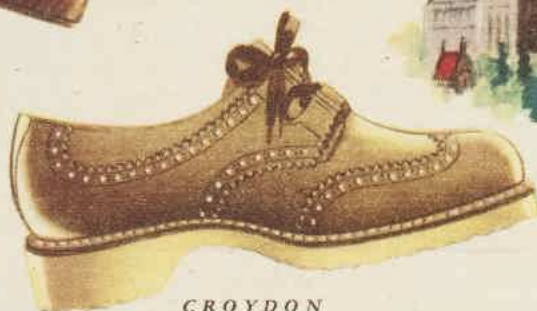
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Royal wedding revives hopes of Hapsburg glory

Archduke Otto marries European princess

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

The beautiful French Renaissance town of Nancy recaptured some of the splendour and pomp of a European royal city of 100 years ago when the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, the throneless "Emperor of Austria," married tall, blond, soft-eyed Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen this month.

Dark, retiring Archduke Otto, pretender to the Austrian throne, still dreams of one day re-establishing the old Austrian Empire.

AROUND him in his exile gathers still a band of titled dreamers who work busily at "State papers" and who try to create the phantom atmosphere of the old Court.

They are firm in their conviction that the "royal" wedding will give new hope to other dreamers, some still in Austria and others exiled in many countries, for the re-establishment of the old Austrian order.

The romance of the Archduke Otto and Princess Regina began in a displaced persons camp on the side of Lake Starnberg in Bavaria last year.

The princess was working as a welfare officer there when she visited the camp to talk to some Hungarian royalists.

He invited her to a cup of tea and a biscuit. They met again in Paris, and it was there that they decided to become engaged.

Nancy was chosen as the wedding town because there, a domed Renaissance church, are buried the Lorraine ancestors of Otto's family.

More than 60 members of the former royal houses

were present at the wedding, for the Hapsburg family has been inextricably mingled with the royal blood of Europe's former ruling houses for hundreds of years.

Among them were the sad Empress Zita, Otto's mother, who has lived in exile in Switzerland, Portugal, and France since her husband, the last real Emperor, Charles of Austria, stepped down from the throne.

In the First World War so complicated were the royal marriages of Europe that Zita's brothers, Sixtus and Xavier, were fighting against her. They were in the Belgian Army fighting against Austria.

Some of the most fabulous jewels in Europe were worn at the wedding. Two gilded horse-drawn coaches, kept by former Hapsburg retainers in the hope that some day the Empire might be revived, were seen for the first time in 30 years at the wedding.

Best man was Otto's brother Robert, who, with brothers Rudolf, Karl Ludwig, and Felix, attempted a propaganda coup d'etat at Igls, near Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, in January, 1946.

With two girl secretaries and four typewriters, they neatly typed thousands of copies of a "manifesto to the people of



THE GROOM, AGED 36. A man of letters, Franz Josef Otto of Hapsburg has written several books, and during the war did important anti-Nazi propaganda work.

Austria." These they gave to Otto to distribute in two de luxe French cars as he left for Switzerland.

Karl Ludwig and Rudolf were later expelled by the Austrian Government under a law forbidding a Hapsburg to set foot on Austrian soil without permission.

Two Tyrolean monarchists, Count Leopold Kuenigi and Karl Plotzner, were arrested. They had told Otto that he could become Chancellor and then King after the manner of Napoleon III of France when he was elected President and made himself Emperor.

Two parties of monarchists exist in Austria. One insists on none other than a Hapsburg; the other is willing to accept any king. But neither exerts much influence.

The Austrians show little resentment towards the Hapsburgs.

What worries Otto and his small band of faithful followers is that the Austrians don't take him seriously.

Most of the royalist leaders still in Austria are over 80, and few young lieutenants seem to be coming forward.

Otto is rich. Part of his dynasty's fabulous wealth was restored to him by State law in 1934, and he has many investments in the U.S. and in France.

But he says he is a man of simple tastes.

Paris newspapers eagerly followed Otto and his bride-to-be as they moved around Paris buying antique furnishings for their home. Most of their shopping was done on foot.

A leading Paris couturier made Princess Regina's wedding dress, which cost more than £1000.

The Princess has had a tragic life. During the war she fled with her mother, the Countess of Kerssenbrück, and her brother to Munich, where they lived for three years in great poverty.

Her father, the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, was deported



THE BRIDE, AGED 25. Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen, has lived with her mother in Bavaria since her father died in a Russian prison camp after the war.

to Eastern Germany, where he died. Her brother is a priest at Innsbruck.

Forced to earn a living, the princess became a nurse, and later a welfare officer at the Bavarian prison camp where she met Otto.

Her family has always been keenly interested in the theatre. One of her uncles was the founder of the 20th century realist school of drama in Bavaria.

Otto and his bride will make their home in Paris.

But, like most Parisians, they are having housing trouble.

Baron de Workmann, Otto's personal representative in Paris, told me: "I have looked in vain for two months for a suitable home, but I'm sure something will turn up."

Though in all probability a house will turn up for the Archduke Otto and his bride—because money for rent or purchase will be no object—there is no possibility that he will wear the crown of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.

If he faces facts, he must realise that his hopes of re-establishing the old order faded completely when the Austrian Republic outlawed his case in 1946.

But he can comfort himself with the thought that he has found a freedom his ancestors never knew.

He was able to choose a wife not for dynastic reasons, but because he loved her.

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Cover girl wants to be a model

COVER girl Elaine Brodie, 21, of Ashfield, N.S.W., was photographed on Sydney's Bondi beach with her pet cocker spaniel Bonny by her fiancé, Douglas Hoglin.

Douglas, who lives at Bondi, has his own photographic business, and Elaine helps him in his office work.

Douglas and Elaine will receive £50 for the pic-

ture. Bonny, the cocker spaniel, was at first unco-operative in having her picture taken. Before Douglas finally took the shot Bonny was given some ice-cream cones, Elaine

has never done any professional photographic or posing before, but she said like "very much" to be a model.



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AC14

★ Two child prodigies now enchanting Europe are four-year-old painter Claude Okamoto, of Paris, and six-year-old orchestra conductor Gianella de Marco, of Italy.

CLAUDE

Paints—cannot sign his name

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

Of the miniature army of prodigies who have been publicly shown in Paris in the past few months, one of the most agreeably unspoiled is Claude Okamoto.

Aged four, he is the youngest artist ever to hold a one-man exhibition in Paris.

WHATEVER one may think of Claude's paintings or potentialities, there is no doubt he gets a tremendous kick out of painting whatever he sees.

He prefers a day at a gallery to a puppet show, and Cézanne to everything and everybody but his mother, who is a charming, poor French woman, proud but not boastful of Claude's gifts.

Claude's father is a Paris-domiciled Japanese who makes a modest living at the rare and unfashionable art of sculpturing on ivory.

When Claude was two his father bought him a box of paints and a small easel. Claude has been painting furiously ever since.

Because he can't paint in church, he draws. But when he goes to the circus or for a walk beside the Seine he carries his easel and his paint box in the nonchalant way the ordinary child carries a toy.

One of the pictures in his show is a portrait of his father, and even if you don't agree it is very like his father, it certainly could be a portrait of nobody but a Japanese, and his mother insists moreover that the portrait captures one of his father's rare black moods.

Claude's chief art enthusiasts are reserved for modern painters.

Many of his pictures are of circus scenes. He is devoted to elephants, which, he says, "have kind and gentle eyes."

His father has taken him to the circus in Paris 10 times, but always in the cheap seats because they can't afford better ones. But the Medrano circus manager lifted Claude one day to the level of the elephant Louise's eyes so that he could have a close look at them.

Said Claude as he reached ground-level after inspecting Louise: "Her eyes are as beautiful as potato chips taste."

Then he went home and painted Louise's eyes only.

Critics have been kind to Claude. They speak of "the freshness and poetry of his landscapes."

His father says he will not send him to an academy to learn, as he wants him to retain his originality.

Claude can't even read, write, or sign his name in paint on his own pictures, but he will be sent to learn these, to him, mundane chores at the end of this year.

His father hopes some day to visit his family in Japan, where he has not been for 20 years. He wants Claude's grandmother to see Claude and his work.

Claude is rather dubious about the visit to Japan. When his father mentioned it to him, Claude said: "Have they got any Cézannes, Van Goghs, or Matisse in Japan?"

"Not very many," said his father.

"Then you go and see grandma, and I'll stay in Paris," said Claude.



GIANELLA

Conducts—tends dolls

Music's new wonder-child is fair, curly haired Gianella de Marco, six-year-old girl orchestra conductor.

Musicians are asking themselves: "Is this child a 20th-century feminine counterpart of Mozart, or is she just another passing meteor in the musical firmament?"

RECENTLY Gianella conducted the Paris Lamoureux Orchestra of 80 players in a programme which included Schu-

bert's Unfinished Symphony and Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture. The conductor's rostrum floor level had to be built up to more than twice its usual size so that Gianella could see over the desk.

Gianella shows no trace of nervousness or shyness when she faces an orchestra which includes some of Europe's top players. She seldom smiles. But when she is pleased by a satisfactory performance of one of her favorite passages her eyes dance with pleasure.

She wears a short black velvet dress with long flowing satin sleeves when she conducts, and she climbs into the high rostrum unaided.

Her father, Dr. Lido de Marco, an Italian civil engineer, and her Italian mother, Signora Fernanda Leuzzi, a professional singer, attend all her rehearsals and concerts.

When Gianella cannot explain to a foreign orchestra exactly what she wants—she speaks only Italian—she beckons her father to the con-

ductor's rostrum, puts her arm around his neck in thoroughly child-like fashion, and whispers in his ear.

Dr. de Marco, who speaks several languages, then explains to the orchestra what effect of expression or what tempo Gianella wants. When the orchestra carries out the instructions, Gianella cries out excitedly: "Sì, sì, sì — paradiso!"

Gianella's hands are most expressive. She uses at rehearsals a six-inch wooden baton to conduct. At concerts she uses a golden baton given her by Victor de Sabata, eminent Italian conductor of the La Scala Opera House, Milan, who said, "I give you this baton because you have Beethoven in your heart, and because you know him better than I do."

Conducted in cot

THIS blessing from Sabata, whose name is revered in all Europe, has dissolved much of the natural criticism that most professional orchestral players make when they are asked to play under a six-year-old child.

Gianella's parents discovered her gifts when she was less than two years old.

One night long after she should have been asleep they found her standing in her cot making the gestures of a conductor in time with an orchestra playing on the radio in the room next to hers.

CLAUDE OKAMOTO at his easel, surrounded by his toys. Half-Japanese, half-French, Claude, at the age of four, has had a one-man exhibition in Paris. His parents are in modest circumstances, but they refuse to put a price on any of his pictures.

When she was told to go to sleep she replied: "I cannot sleep when there is music, because music is in my head, in my body, and in my heart."

At the age of four she immediately pointed out wrong notes purposely played to trap her in Beethoven and Mozart sonatas and symphonies.

Shortly afterwards she conducted a small orchestra in her own village, and she was invited to conduct the orchestra of the Saint Cecilia Conservatorium in Rome. Since then she has conducted leading orchestras in Spain, South America, and France.

After her rehearsal with the Paris Lamoureux Orchestra she went to her Paris hotel room to see that her dolls were sleeping soundly. Then she went to the movies.

One Paris doctor said: "Conducting seems to come as naturally to Gianella as pushing a doll's pram comes to an ordinary little girl." Even after a concert given before 3000 people she sleeps soundly.

She has made so much money conducting that her father has given up his engineering career to accompany her on her conducting tours. She is believed to have more than £15,000 in the bank—and she has earned every penny of it herself.



GIANELLA DE MARCO conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris. Initial resentment of some musicians in the top-rank, 88-member orchestra changed later to admiration. Gianella is shown at left consulting the score during the performance. She rarely does so. Once she has heard a major symphonic work she remembers the score, including most details of expression, tempo, and orchestration.

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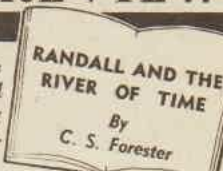


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BOOK REVIEW

PATRICIA ROLFE

C. S. Forester has been suddenly and without warning stricken with psychology.



NO longer is he content to wallow in swashbuckling adventure and high romance. He wishes to probe, to dissect, to explain motives and analyse actions, to pull the stuffing out of his rag-dolls.

The first casualty has been Captain Hornblower, hero of six novels, who has been unceremoniously flung overboard.

The valiant Captain's successor is Charles Randall, army and not navy, 20th century instead of 19th, comparatively rather a dull dog.

The next casualty may well be part of Forester's literary reputation.

Without so much as a backward glance, Forester has left the field of the historical romance in which he was without peer and entered a class in which he is consistently competent and continually falls a mile short of the great.

Forester promises—or is it threatens?—that "Randall and the River of Time" is the beginning of a series.

In a few succinct paragraphs on the dust-jacket he sets out his inclinations as a novelist, and defends his fondness for series.

"Can we leave them (that is, the characters) moving along the next period of their lives and not speculate about whether the next impact of fate is going to deflect them? I cannot, anyway."

That is an unusual view for a novelist.

Most of them hold the essence of their art to be the ability to snatch up a group of characters at a point in time and fling them down at the conclusion of a book, leaving the reader's imagination stimulated enough to wonder what their future will be.

As Charles Randall, only 22, a war veteran, is acquitted of the manslaughter of his wife's

lover and sets off for a new life in America when "Randall and the River of Time" ends, Mr. Forester has got off to a flying start.

Absorbing though "Randall and the River of Time" is, there is a constant feeling that it is only a prologue.

Randall as a young Englishman who survives the First World War only to be ploughed under in the aftermath is merely sketched in.

With this character Forester is carefully husbanding his material.

Randall is a type rather than a character.

He does not come to life as vividly as do some of the transient characters—Muriel, his wife, seven years his senior, shallow and predatory, his patient, bewildered mother, his patient, understanding father.

Randall represents innocence—a quality which is notoriously hard material for the novelist to treat and for the reader to enthuse about.

The chapters dealing with Randall's trial for manslaughter are tense, dramatic, and well told.

Comparing Hornblower and Randall, it is strange and a little sad that death and suffering on the high seas in the Napoleonic wars seem quite unreal and highly romantic, whereas death and suffering in the trenches in the First World War seem a little trite and tedious.

The First World War is between-times from the novelist's point of view.

The period is not far enough away to be romantic, and not close enough—so swiftly and tragically has the world moved this century, with another war intervening—for absolute and bitter reality.

"Randall and the River of Time," by C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 50. May 19, 1951.

EMPIRE LINKS

IN comparison with days linked with definite events in Australia's history, Empire Day on May 24 is celebrated quietly.

But the common ties which bind British peoples throughout the world are still considered on that day.

Though the modern view of imperialism stamps it with the taint of aggression, the world owes much to the brand responsible for the establishment of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Membership of the British Empire brought enlightenment and then freedom to millions in other races throughout the world.

That this Commonwealth, which is the adult stage of the Empire ruled in its adolescence by Queen Victoria, still speaks collectively on vital issues is evident in its representation among the forces of the United Nations in Korea by the British Commonwealth Brigades.

The recent heroic stand by two of these brigades—the 27th and 29th, composed of British, Canadian, and Australian troops—gives fresh significance to Empire ties.

In the early days of the century Britain was often cartooned as John Bull and the Colonies and Dominions as his family.

John Bull and his now adult "family" do not always see eye to eye on international problems and policy.

But matters such as the support of U.N.O. in Korea still see some of them standing shoulder to shoulder whatever the odds.

That co-operation has its roots deep in a common pride in a common heritage that was the British Empire, and is now the British Commonwealth of Nations.

While it endures, whatever the external changes in the fabric of the Commonwealth, its foundations must always be secure.



GOAL! Only a few years back it was not considered "like" to play basketball. Today, basketball is a favourite game throughout Australia—especially with the girls—who play it as well, and love every minute of it.



Good times and good chocolate go together. Your list proves the quality of Mr. Robertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. That satisfying flavor of full-cream country milk, blended with super-smooth chocolate, lingers on your tongue. You can taste the Extra Cream. Ask for "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate in the quarter-pound block or 2 oz. size. Made by Mr. Robertson, the Great Name in Confectionery.



For regular habits give baby Steedman's

The first essential of baby's healthy childhood is regularity, particularly during the difficult nursing period. You can ensure this by giving baby Steedman's Powders—the safe, gentle and effective preparation which Mothers have been using with confidence for over 100 years. For baby's good health...

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ON SALE AT ALL CHEMISTS

BAD daughter makes BAD wife

★ A girl's behaviour towards her parents is an indication of what it will be towards her husband and in her own home. If you don't want to frighten him off, check relations between you, your home, and your parents before inviting the next young man to visit you.



DISPARAGING REMARKS about her mother's last year's jacket give her away as a girl who's discontented unless everything she has is newly bought.



THAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME! Unsuspected selfishness is apparent as she keeps her father waiting for his paper while she reads through the comics.



FATHER cops it now, but who'll cop it after marriage? The young man doesn't need a crystal ball to tell him that it is going to be her husband.



LET MUM DO IT seems to be her motto. All very well while Mum's about, the visitor thinks. But is she always going to expect to be waited on?

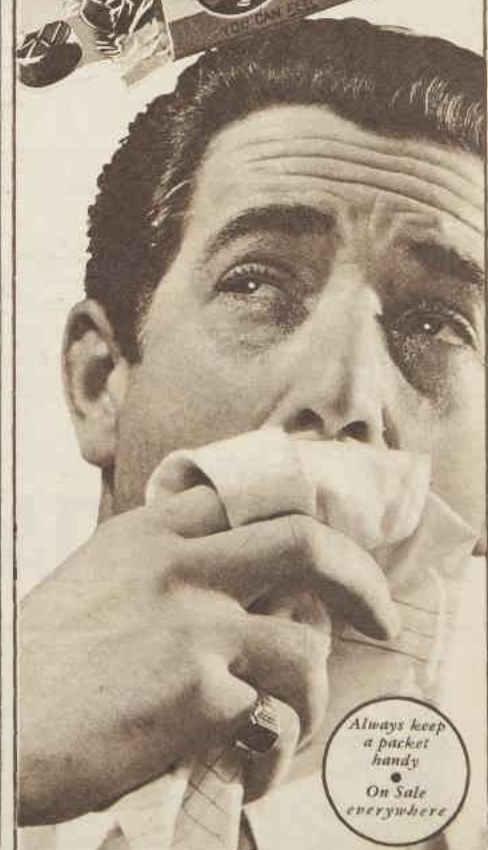


CRUMBS brushed under mat don't augur well for a well-run dream home in their future. If she's lazy as a daughter she'll be lazy as a wife he reasons.

I.M.4.28

When coughs, colds or a sore throat leave you feeling miserable...

"HERE'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!"



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VICTORY MARCH, 1919. Queen Mary with King George V and the then Queen Mother, Queen Alexandra, as they passed from Buckingham Palace to the dais from which they watched the march after World War I. Queen Mary's delight in the occasion seems evident as she steps out briskly.

Queen Mary taught Princesses to love Castle

Queen Mary has a thorough knowledge of the contents of every home she has lived in—even Windsor Castle, with its thousand and more rooms, hardly one of which is not filled with objects of beauty and historic interest.

THE Hon. Sir Richard Molyneux, K.C.V.O., Extra Equerry to Queen Mary and a lifelong and devoted friend, is a connoisseur and has given her much help.

Both Queen Mary and Sir Richard love every stick and stone of the Castle.

Another loving "guardian" Sir Owen Morshead, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., Librarian and Assistant Keeper of the King's Archives.

He works in the room that was the bedroom of the first Queen Elizabeth, where she held her levees and received ambassadors, archbishops, and other dignitaries.

During the war, while I was with the Princesses at Windsor Castle, Queen Mary imparted to the Princesses her own love of the place.

She arranged for Sir Owen to take us on tours of the castle, explaining the historical significance of everything.

Windsor's most famous spot is Herne the Hunter, both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have read Harrison Ainsworth's hair-raising story of this apparition of the hanged man, with the dog's antlers on his head, hanging through the forest.

There was no attempt to suppress such stories from the Princesses. They were normal children, who loved a good ghost story.

The tree now called Herne's Oak is not the original one on which Herne the Hunter is supposed to have hanged himself.

The old oak, overgrown and gnarled, had been standing since King Henry VIII's time when King George III had it moved and another planted

near the site. The second tree was blown down, and Queen Victoria planted another.

But Herne the Hunter's ghost, they say, would have nothing to do with substitutes. It was not seen or heard again until King Edward VII planted an oak on the very spot where the first had stood.

Since then anyone with very good eyes and ears and a very vivid imagination, given the right sort of night, can see Herne with his antlers and his hounds tearing across the King's private golf course, and can hear the ghostly horn.

Queen Mary's Doll's House, which is often on public view, stands on a table in one of the halls of the Castle. It contains beautifully made miniatures of every conceivable thing, all made and presented to Queen Mary by the craftsmen of Britain.

The Doll's House is a great attraction to visitors from all parts of the world. Queen Mary herself never goes to Windsor without visiting the Doll's House and looking through room after room with never-failing interest.

As for the Princesses, when they were small they thought the Doll's House was just about the loveliest thing in Windsor Castle.

Windsor on a Sunday afternoon, with the band playing and the people strolling sedately on the paths among the flower-beds under the eyes of the King and Queen, is one of the most charming sights on earth.

When Princess Elizabeth was a baby, her grandmother would take her in her arms and carry her to a window to

Here is the second of a series of extracts from a new book on Queen Mary by Marion Crawford, author of "The Little Princesses."

see the people, and for them to see her.

When the Princesses grew a little older and played in the Park where they could see and be seen by all, they told me how they enjoyed those Sundays and how they loved the old Castle.

Frogmore House in the grounds of the Castle is a fascinating place. In the garden are quaint temples, ginkgo trees, and other exotic marvels. To-day the house itself is a veritable storehouse of Queen Mary's personal possessions.

She loved to drive out there from London, and often the Princesses and I have had tea there from the hands of Mrs. Bunning, the housekeeper, who took pride and pleasure in laying a delightful table in the summer-house.

In a glass case in the house are Queen Victoria's children's

cushions, covers, and oddments?

"I have seen lots of such things on the birthday and Christmas tables, and when one is setting up house all these things can be useful."

Queen Mary's intense concern for little things as well as great has given rise to many stories about her so-called domesticity.

Such legends may have some truth in them, but I do feel that too much stress has been laid on her alleged familiarity with larders, store-cupboards, and kitchens.

I find it hard to believe, for example, the story of her visiting a Council House, opening a cupboard, inspecting the contents and saying, "Very neat indeed." That would not be like Queen Mary, with her deep respect for other people's homes.

I well remember Queen Mary's visit to me in my own little home, Nottingham Cottage.

It was soon after my marriage. She sent me a note, asking if I would be at home on the following afternoon, as she would like to call.

When her chauffeur rang the door-bell, I saw that he had a parcel in his hand; he laid it on the hall table.

"A little gift for you, my dear," said Queen Mary. How thoughtful it was of

Her Majesty to remember the Scottish custom of a "hand-set" or gift for the house on a first visit.

In this case the gift was a Dundee cake which had come from Canada.

"You ought to have some pictures for your walls," she said. "Do come over to Marlborough House and choose some."

A little later I did so.

Next day the pictures were delivered to my home. With them came two men to hang them—another example of Queen Mary's extreme thoughtfulness. And she herself called to see how the pictures looked on my walls.

To be continued... (World copyright reserved.)

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GUESTS OF HONOR AT THE CORAL SEA BALL. Admiral and Mrs. Thomas C. Kinkaid arriving at Prince's with Lieut.-Commander G. J. Connor, A.N.R., and Lieut.-Commander L. W. Vance, U.S.N. Admiral Kinkaid commanded Cruiser Division Six in Coral Sea Battle.

Social Gittings



SEVERE HAIR-DO was worn by pretty Annette Dunlop, who danced with David Lloyd Jones. The ball, one of the social events of the year, started at 8.30, and few guests were late.

HIGHLIGHTS of Noel McFayden's two-year trip abroad will include a special trip to Spain to see the bull-fighting and a visit to Scotland for the Braemar Games, famous Highland Gathering attended each year by the King and Queen.

Noel, who will sail on the Toscana, was given a farewell party by Noel Cummings at the latter's Killara home. The guest of honor wore the kilt of his clan, MacLaine, of Loch Buie. It is one of the oldest tartans in Scotland, and has been traced back to the eighth century.

Fellow guest, Harry Donaldson, who also wore his kilt, piped the 100 guests into supper. Other kilt wearers were Gregory McGregor and Peter Rae, but Noel Cummings could not wear his because he had lent it to a Melbourne cousin.

Noel will visit Germany, Holland, Brussels, France, and England before crossing to America.



UNIFORMS were worn by Service officers in the official party hosted by the president of the ball committee, Mrs. Frank Packer. From left, Mrs. J. P. J. McCauley, General W. Bridgeford, Mrs. H. A. Showers, and General F. H. Berryman.



THIRTY-SIX YARDS of pleated white organdie made the skirt of Mrs. Edward Esdale's gown, copied from "a picture in 'Vogue' or 'Harper's'." The brocaded satin bodice and apron were fringed. With her husband she was an early arrival at the ball.



CHAIRMAN of the ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, wore a beautiful Paquin frock of cream linen appliqued with linen lace. It was designed specially for her by Lou Clavery, former fashion adviser of the Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades.

AFTER making the acquaintance of her new granddaughter in London, Mrs. E. R. Raine, of Edgecliff, will fly back to Sydney via the United States at the end of July. She is staying with her daughter Elizabeth and her husband, John Vardon, at their home in Warwick Gardens. Mrs. Raine probably will spend a few days in either New York or San Francisco on her way back.

BECAUSE of a leg injury David Buckland received while playing football, he and his fiancée, Margaret Anne Watt, had to postpone a little engagement celebration they had planned at Prince's. Margaret Anne and David were introduced at the Ballet Rambert two years ago. No plans have yet been made for their wedding, but they hope it will be early next year.

BARBECUE and informal dance at Mrs. W. H. Hansford's home at Earlwood was the first of the "interest-raising" functions arranged as preludes to the King's School Ball at the Trocadero on May 31. Hostesses Gai Cowper and Ruth Hansford welcomed the ninety guests. A tennis day at the school was organised by Libby Farquhar and Margaret Bryant, and Mrs. D. Lewis is planning a theatre night.



MADGE AND CYRIL. Feature of the evening was a duet, "Wonderbar," from "Kiss Me, Kate," sung by Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, now visiting Australia. They cabled from New York that they would be happy to sing at the ball.



COUNTRY VISITOR Dudley Richardson, of "Hamilton," Moree, lights a cigarette for Noel Lowe. Ball was organised by the Australian-American Association, and proceeds will aid their memorial fund.



HAND-MADE NAVY FLOWERS embroidered the white organdie French gown worn by Mrs. Noel Vincent, photographed dancing with Brian Page. A number of women wore French gowns made from a variety of beautiful materials.

DUTCH auction afternoon held at Mrs. Bert Tiegels' home at Camden, and a card afternoon in town arranged by the ladies' committee were organised as money-raisers to help with expenses of the Rotary Ball at the Trocadero on May 18. Proceeds of the ball will go to the Crippled Children's Society. The American Ambassador, Mr. Pete Jarman, will receive the twelve debutantes. The official host and hostess will be Mr. Sleath Lowrey, president of the North Sydney Rotary Club, and Mrs. Lowrey.

AFTER their honeymoon at Port Macquarie, Dr. and Mrs. Ken Carr will make their home at Too-womba, Queensland.

INVERELL. Picnic Race Club president's wife, Mrs. Graham Body, of "Ulpna," was a busy person at the club's annual race carnival. As well as attending to the many details connected with the races and the ball, Mrs. Body entertained over 200 at a cocktail party. Her niece, Susan Remington, of Sydney, and the Robinson twins, Kay and Jay, recently home from a trip abroad, were Mrs. Body's house guests. Other cocktail parties were held at the home of Mrs. Dudley Body, Mrs. J. Vivers, and Mrs. W. Swan, of Byron. Mrs. A. C. Addison also hosted an after-the-races party.

Anne



- A. peppermint green accentuates the lightness of a fine wool twin set. chain trimming coils around a high necked sweater—and ribbed edges add definition to a plain cardigan.
- B. primrose plaid in a long sleeved jacket—five buttons dot simple edging of the front—port patch pockets.
- C. pockets flap over to match a reveré that's high, wide and handsome—there's glamour in a self-piped edge and the skirt is pleated at back and front, shown in pastel pink.
- D. hearts are trumps in a quaint cupid neckline, dashing Dolman sleeves heighten the effect of this darling Be-bop sweater, shown in pale blue.

FOR THAT 'SECOND LOOK'—WEAR

Black Lance
DREAM KNITTEDS OF FINEST WOOL

Black Lance leads the way to a wonderful winter with a charming collection of powd'ry pastels in superfine wool. And superfine wool it is—100% pure merino wool, so hard to find nowadays! Black Lance knitteds are darlings at the dry cleaners, too—because the fine wool holds its shape... doesn't lose weight. Four only of the Black Lance range are shown here but your fashion store will be happy to show you many more lovely styles in a delightful range of eye-catching colours.



TARTAN for Travel

Tartan is gay, practical, and new for travel wear. All the travel goods on this page are Australian-made, and are obtainable in Australian shops.



SUITCASES AND HATBOX (above) of waterproof Brodie tartan trimmed in solid hide with double steel frame; 28in. case, about £18/7/6. 26in. case, about £17/5/-. Hatbox, about £13/7/6. By Goldsac. At left: Black-and-red Wallace tartan lap rug, 36in. x 54in., about £2/3/3; Montgomery rug, 72in. x 54in., about £4/16/3. By Cotswold Weaving Co.

DICK WHITTINGTON BAG (above) in waterproof Brodie tartan, hide-trimmed and with handy outside pocket. About £4/5/-. By Goldsac.

FITTED BEAUTY CASE (right) of leather cloth lined in Macduff tartan. About £5/-/-/. By Herbert Casparie Pty. Ltd.



UMBRELLA OF PROOFED POPLIN in Buchanan tartan with a ten-rib frame and perspex handle. About £2/17/6. Shelta brand by Phillips and House.

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI— and which has the expensive perm?

(SEE ANSWER BELOW)



Hairstyles by a leading Colleur.

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If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a Toni. And exclusive Toni SPIN Curlers snap shut and halve winding time!

Which twin has the Toni? Even experts can't tell that Monica Dargue (on the right) has the Toni and twin sister Merle, the expensive perm. Monica's next perm will cost even less because all she'll need is a Refill Kit!

★ ★ ★

For Expert Advice on waving and hair styling problems, write Toni Consumer Bureau, 181 Clarence Street, Sydney.

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Refill (whole head), 11/6



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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

● These photographs illustrate new shapes in current skirt lines. The designs are in answer to inquiries I received in last week's mailbag. They come to you direct

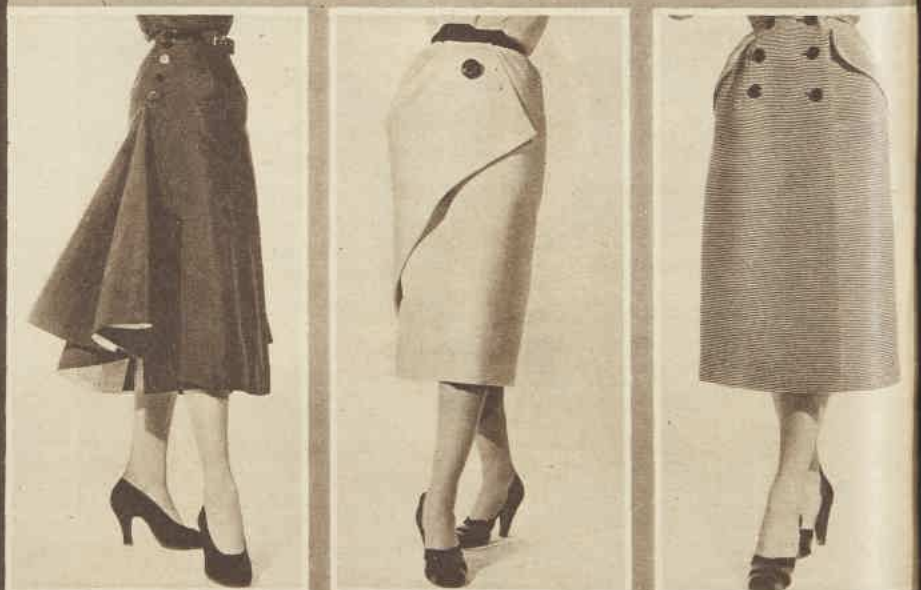
from Paris. If you have a dress problem write to me, addressing your letters Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



● A slim skirt with a contrasting loose draped panel. The silhouette is strikingly new, giving the look of fullness over narrow. The skirt would combine well with a simple sleeveless bodice top, with the skirt panel continued to the shoulder. Model by Paquin.

● A narrow skirt with a shaped apron front. This design is hot news in skirt lines. The material is also new. It is beige-and-white bird's-eye check. A smart skirt to combine with a simple top. Note cuffed pockets and two-button trim. Model by Jean Desse.

● An asymmetric design for wool. An ideal skirt for an afternoon dress. The skirt is buttoned middle-front, is draped across the hip and features a loose panel slightly dipping at the back. The panel gives dash to your walk. Model by Maggy Rouff.



● High style for late day and later. This very pretty design has a burst of godets and a double apron skirt at the back. The skirt is black faille lined with pale rose-pink silk. Alternative color schemes are black with violet or mimosa-yellow. Model by Paquin.

● A wrap-over skirt with an asymmetric one-button trim. This stem-narrow silhouette is smart and new, but should be worn only by the very slim. Can be made two ways—as illustrated in wool, or in satin for ankle-length. Model by Maggy Rouff.

● A wrap-over skirt closed with buttons. The material is black and grey pin-striped wool, the buttons black velvet. The twin pocket-flaps are cut on the cross. An excellent design for a coat or coat-dress, or neat and trim and typical 1951. Model by Maggy Rouff.

COOKS' GUIDE

for Good Hostesses

In this special section we present seasonal cookery that will help the home-maker, both as hostess planning parties and as housewife catering for the family.

The dishes planned for special occasions were prepared by well-known hostesses and several leading chefs. In addition you will find down-to-earth recipes and practical suggestions for beating the high cost of living.

The whole section is arranged so that it may be detached from the rest of the paper.

One of Australia's most talented cooks and noted hostesses is famous singer Gladys Moncrieff, and on this page is her design for a dinner-party.



Gladys Moncrieff gives a dinner-party

There's an art in arranging a dinner-party, but it is not a difficult art to acquire.

GLADYS MONCRIEFF'S advice is "plan ahead" and be sure all ingredients for the selected dishes are readily available.

The menu is simple, not too great a strain on the budget (nor on the nervous system!), and it will create a happy party atmosphere as superb food attractively served always does.

MENU

Fruit cocktail.
Whiting mornay.
Roast duckling with oyster stuffing.
Green salad.
Stuffed carrot sticks, green peas, baked whole apples.
Desserts, cheese, iced fruits, and coffee.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

Place the ends from two cantaloupes, cut in halves. Cut each melon half in a serrated pattern around the centre; this will give eight rings of cantaloupe with one edge plain and the other serrated. Remove the seed and place the rings, flat edge down, on serving plates. Cut balls of flesh from honeydew, watermelon, and a cantaloupe and place in the rings. Add some

black and white grapes for color effect. Pour over a little Madeira and sprinkle with finely chopped crystallised ginger. Chill before serving.

WHITING MORNAY

Eight fillets whiting, 1lb. grated cheese, ½lb. butter, 2 rounded tablespoons flour, ½ pint milk, ½ pint cream, salt and pepper, lemon juice.

Prepare the sauce by melting butter in a saucepan, blend in the flour, and stir until smooth, add milk and cream, and continue stirring until thick and smooth. Add half the cheese and stir until melted, season to taste with salt and pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice. Roll the whiting into coils, place in a buttered ovenproof dish. Pour the sauce over the whiting and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Place in a moderate oven until simmering, then reduce heat and cook until a golden-brown crust is formed on top of dish. Sufficient to serve eight persons.

Note: When serving this with a main dish other than oyster-stuffed duckling, Miss Moncrieff fills centres of coiled whiting fillets with oysters.

Continued on page 28

ATMOSPHERE is just as important as good cooking for the full enjoyment of food, and as shown by the picture above, Gladys Moncrieff is an artist in table arrangement. Here you see her lighting the candles just before the guests assemble in the dining-room of her charming home at Woollahra, Sydney.



GLADYS serving the main course at her dinner-party for eight . . . superbly cooked roast, duckling with oyster seasoning and accompanying greens and vegetables.

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CHEFS YIELD TOP SECRETS

Here are detailed recipes from Australia's leading restaurants and night-clubs, given by the chefs who created them.



CURRIED PRAWNS AND RICE and Poached Egg Collette, illustrated above, are popular dishes at Romano's Restaurant, Sydney. They were prepared by chef Albert Sieb (inset right).



Four special savory dishes...

POACHED EGG COLLETTE

Seven small eggs, 3 pints clear stock, 8oz. salmon, 1 doz. prawns, 3 heaped dessertspoons gelatine, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 pint cream, salt, cayenne pepper, cochineal.

Poach six of the eggs, remove gently from pan and allow to cool. Place butter in saucepan, add flour, and mix well; pour in one pint of the stock, and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened, then add one heaped dessertspoon gelatine, yolk of one egg, two tablespoons of cream and salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Color sauce with a few drops of cochineal, strain and cool sauce, but before it becomes quite cold coat the poached eggs. Take the remaining two pints of stock, place in saucepan and bring to boil; add

remaining gelatine and allow to boil a few minutes, then cool. Line a ring-shaped cake-tin or mould with a coating of this gelatine liquid, and when firmly set arrange shelled prawns around mould in a pattern with the eggs; fill mould with the remaining liquid and chill.

Strain the liquid from salmon and sieve into a paste, add 1 pint cream, salt, and a little cayenne pepper, and mix well. Coat a small round mould with a thin layer of the first gelatine liquid, add salmon paste, and seal with another layer of gelatine mixture. Place salmon mould in refrigerator and chill until firm. To serve, un mould the large ring-mould on serving-dish, place the smaller salmon mould in the middle, and garnish with chopped gelatine and shredded lettuce.

CURRIED PRAWNS AND RICE

One pound prawns, 4oz. coconut tomatoes, 1 apple, 1 large chopped 8oz. butter, 1 tablespoon blended powder, white wine (optional), 1 pint cream.

Place four ounces of the butter in a saucepan, add onion, and cook until add chopped tomatoes, and continue cooking another few minutes, then add chopped apple and coconut and cook 5 minutes. In another saucepan melt remaining butter, add shelled prawns and cook 3 or 4 minutes; stir in blended curry powder, a little white wine, combine with the other cooked ingredients. Stir over low heat, add cream, allow to cook gently until cream thickens. Serve with rice pilau.

RICE PILAU

(Albert Sieb's recipe.)

Six ounces butter, 1 chopped onion, 3 cups rice, 3 cups hot water or stock.

Place four ounces of the butter in a saucepan with chopped onion and cook slightly, add rice, stir well, then add water or stock and salt and allow to boil, stirring well, until rice is cooked. Remove from heat, cover saucepan with a lid and place in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Remove from oven, place the balance of butter on top of rice and leave for 10 minutes until butter on top of rice is melted. Place rice in centre of hot serving-dish and surround with curried prawns.



CHEF LOUIS OLIERIC, of Prince's, Sydney, is justly proud of his chicken dish Supreme Jeanette and luscious sweet Glace a la Mode.

SUPREME JEANETTE

Three boiling chickens, chaud froid sauce, clear aspic, eggs, tomato and asparagus in aspic, parsley to decorate.

Cut chickens into serving portions, then blanch and poach until tender. Lift the supremes, trim and dip in a chaud froid sauce, place on a wire rack and when cooled decorate and lustre with clear aspic. Place the decorated supreme on a dish and decorate with eggs, tomato and asparagus in aspic. Garnish with chopped aspic. Serve with Russian salad.

To Prepare Chaud-froid Sauce: Take a quantity of strained chicken stock, thicken with blended flour and cook to a thick consistency, remove from heat, stir in 1/2 pint aspic and 1/2 pint cream. This will set on chicken pieces.

GLACE A LA MODE

Six squares plain sponge cake, raspberry syrup, orange curacao, fresh pineapple slices, strawberry ice-cream, Melba sauce, fresh whipped cream, passionfruit, strawberries or candied cherries.

Cut sponge squares about 2in. thick and soak in a little raspberry syrup and orange curacao. Place a thin slice of pineapple on each square, top with a serving of strawberry ice-cream, and coat with Melba sauce. Decorate with whipped cream, passionfruit, strawberries or candied cherries.

To Prepare Melba Sauce: Place two-thirds cup apricot jam and one-third cup of raspberry jam in saucepan, add 2 cups water, bring to boil, then strain, cool, and color.

Appetising soup wins prize

QUICKLY made spinach soup wins this week's prize of £5 for Miss E. Lewis, Elliston, South Australia. Here is the recipe:

One bunch spinach, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 pint milk, 2 tablespoons chopped ham or bacon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon chopped mint.

Wash and cook spinach in usual

way, drain, reserving 1/2 cup liquid. Press spinach through sieve or chop very finely. Peel and slice onions. Cook with ham or bacon in melted butter until browned. Add spinach and liquid. Blend flour with milk and fold into spinach mixture. When soup comes to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in lemon juice and mint, serve with snippets of toast.

Gladys Moneriet gives a dinner-party

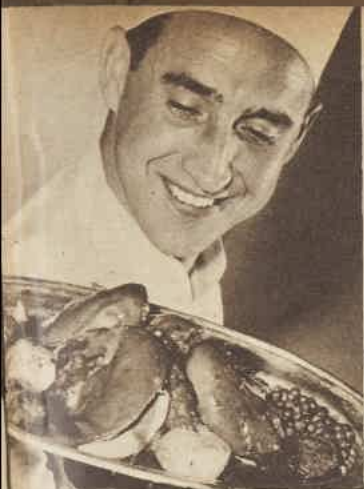
Continued from page 21

ROAST DUCKLING WITH OYSTER STUFFING

Two ducklings, gin or wine, oil, salt, of garlic.

Oyster Stuffing: Two cups breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup chopped parsley, 1/2 cup chopped chives, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 bacon rasher, 1 dozen oysters, pinch of sage or other herb flavoring to taste, squeeze of lemon juice, a little butter.

Wash ducklings inside with gin or wine, wipe the birds over with oil, rub the clove of garlic into the breast. Mince the bacon rasher or chop fine and place on to boil with the onion and very little water. Place breadcrumbs, oysters, parsley, and other herb flavorings in a bowl, season with salt and pepper, add lemon juice and the cooked onion and bacon. Blend all together with a little butter, then insert into birds; place in baking-dish with a little hot dripping and cook until tender. Serve with minted peas, sticks, green peas, and baked apples.



SNAPPER BELLA VISTA is the masterpiece of head chef, Luigi Alzetta, and second chef, Claudio Magris, of Mario's Restaurant, Melbourne. At left: Chicken Paprika by chef Willi Gehring, of Ciro's night-club, Melbourne.

Snapper made better than ever

SNAPPER BELLA VISTA

(To serve 20 guests at supper party or buffet meal.)

One 12lb. snapper with head and tail, 1 stick celery, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, squeeze lemon juice, dash vinegar, salt to taste.

Mayonnaise: Six egg-yolks, 3 cups olive or peanut oil, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, salt.

Russian Salad in Aspic Base: One cup diced celery, 2 cups diced cooked potatoes, 2 cups diced cooked carrots, 2 cups diced cooked beetroot, 2 cups cooked peas, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water.

Glaze: One tablespoon gelatine, 1 pint water.

Clean and scale snapper without removing head or tail. Place fish in a large pan and simmer gently 1 hour in salted water with celery, onion, herbs, lemon juice, and vinegar. While fish is cooking make mayonnaise by beating egg-yolks in basin with one hand and gently adding olive oil or peanut oil with the other, then the lemon juice and vinegar with salt to taste. Prepare Russian salad aspic base by combining the diced vegetables with mayonnaise and dissolved gelatine. Blend the mixture thoroughly and turn into wet, shallow mould the same length as the fish and leave to set. When fish is cooked, remove gently from pan and set aside to drain and cool. Turn aspic base out of mould on to serving-dish, and when fish is quite cold place on top and mask body with the remainder of mayonnaise, leaving head and tail clear. Decorate as desired and pour over glaze immediately. The glaze is made by soaking gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and adding the pint of water. It should then be dissolved in the top of a double saucepan for about 10 minutes until it clears. When cooled, pour over fish and allow to set thoroughly before serving, garnished with thin slices of lemon and a half lemon containing "bouquet" made from raw carrot balls set on top of snapper's head.

CHICKEN PAPRIKA

One chicken (2½-3lbs), 1 finely chopped onion, butter, 1 cup dry rice, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove,

Sauce: One small finely chopped onion, butter, garlic, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons concentrated tomato paste or fresh cooked tomato paste, 1 cup gravy, 1-3rd cup cream.

Roast chicken and when tender cut in sections and reheat in broth. Lightly brown onion in butter in pan, toss in rice and when delicate brown turn into deep fireproof dish and pour over the chicken stock. Add bay leaf, clove, and to taste, cover with greased paper and cook in a hot oven 20 minutes. Pile rice in a mound in centre of fireproof platter and place upstanding sections round it, garnishing with vegetables in season. Mask chicken rice mound with paprika sauce. Use the onion for sauce in a little with a dash of garlic. Add paprika to the tomato paste or puree. Cook

gently for 15 minutes, stirring to avoid burning, then add the gravy, heat thoroughly and strain sauce. Add the cream just before using.

TURKEY MONTE CARLO

Seasoning: Four ounces chopped onion, cooked turkey giblets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese, 3 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf bread, pepper, salt, and spice to flavor.

Fry the chopped onion, bacon, and giblets in a little hot butter, then mix in crumbled bread, eggs, and grated cheese. Flavor as required with pepper, salt, and spice. Stuff turkey, roll in greased paper, and roast in a moderate oven approx. 2½ hours. Serve with Bordelaise sauce, tomato foisse, potato panseusen.

Bordelaise Sauce: Juice from roast, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle claret, pepper, salt, and spice.

Add the onion to the juice



NAZZARENO DORIA, of the European Club, Perth, pours spicy Bordelaise sauce over his Turkey Monte Carlo.

of the roast and cook until brown. Sift in flour and stir quickly, then pour in wine and flavor with pepper, salt, and spice. Strain and serve hot.

Tomato Foisse: Eight tomatoes, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ loaf bread, 2oz. chopped onion, herbs, salt, pepper, spice.

Fry the onion and crumbled bread, add the egg (well beaten), and cook until well mixed. Flavor with herbs, salt, and spice. Add more breadcrumbs if the mixture is not thick enough to stuff the tomatoes. Cut out about half the inside of the tomatoes and fill with the mixture. Cook until tender.

Potato Panseusen: Three pounds potatoes, butter for frying.

With a vegetable scoop cut potatoes into small rounded balls, then fry in hot butter until golden brown and crisp.

CRAYFISH THERMIDOR

(As prepared by Mrs. Marjorie Harris, chef at St. Helen's Town House, Prospect, South Australia.)

One boiled crayfish, 3 sliced mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon butter, dash paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups melted butter sauce, 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese.

Cut crayfish in half lengthwise, remove meat from shell and cut into small pieces. Sauté mushrooms in butter for 5 minutes, then add paprika, mustard, parsley, sherry, and 1 cup of sauce. Mix well. Return mixture to shell, cover with remaining butter sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve immediately.



CHEF DAVID, at Capilana, Queensland, serving Spaghetti Italian.

SPAGHETTI ITALIAN

One pound spaghetti, salt, clove of garlic.

Sauce: 4oz. finely chopped steak, 1 dessertspoon olive or vegetable oil, 1 medium-size onion (chopped), 1 clove garlic, 1 chopped bacon rasher, 2 chopped tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree, pepper, salt, grated cheese.

Braise steak in hot oil until cooked and brown. Cook onion, garlic, bacon, tomatoes, and puree with pepper and salt to taste, add braised steak and cook for 30 minutes or longer. Serve sauce over the spaghetti that has been boiled in water with salt and garlic until tender, then drained. Sprinkle grated cheese on top.



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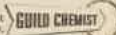
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Separate egg yolks and whites, beat well. When Cheddar is melted, blend in flour, egg yolks, salt and cayenne.



Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, pour mixture into a fireproof glass casserole. Bake in moderate oven till "set" in the centre - about 45 minutes. 8 to 10 servings. Or cut into bite-size savouries.

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W.W. 19

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 19,

How a clever homemaker plans family meals



FAMILY FIRESIDE tea served by Mrs. Robbie. See menu and recipes on this page.



MRS. MARJORIE ROBBIE, who won £1000 for her detailed plan for a twenty-first birthday party in our 1949 Cookery Contest, with Dr. Robbie and their young family about to enjoy a fireside tea.

Mother of four young children and wife of a Hobart doctor, Mrs. Marjorie Robbie is particularly well fitted to offer advice on the planning of family meals.

MRS. ROBBIE'S home-making skill and practical yet artistic suggestions won her the major prize in our £3000 Cookery Contest in 1949.

Since then her family of three has increased to four, making it even more necessary to consider the children when planning family meals.

Mrs. Robbie says: "Ours is a family of small children. The management of family meals takes its cue from just that fact. Where there is a David of seven years, a Diane of six, a Jennette of four, and a Pamela of one, young tastes have to be catered for.

"At present I seldom try to achieve anything spectacular in the preparation of family meals. There are no marinated meats with mushroom sauce, no potatoes duchesse, no mocha chiffon pies. But there is still much pleasure to be derived from serving simple meals and much interest in observing and guiding the developing food habits of my children. I have watched the widening circle of their taste until now we have four very satisfactory young consumers who don't even need Daddy's disciplinary presence at the table to stimulate their appetites!

"In catering for family meals I find it convenient to purchase, where possible, in quantity—a case of apples, a bag of potatoes, a bag of onions. Carrots and parsnips store underground. Meat is ordered twice a week and stored in the refrigerator. "I follow the Tasmanian practice of preserving a good stock of summer fruits, combining this with jam-making. It is a lot of work at the time, but there is the whole winter to appreciate the results. "I vary the meat cuts with different methods of cooking, using the pressure cooker where possible. If we have just one day, we have minced cutlets or rabbit casserole the next. Sweets are plain, principally stewed fruits with custard, cream or ice-cream. These are welcomed by the kiddies, and for nutritive value (which is my immediate concern) they cannot be excelled. "Other features of family

cooking, such as the foods I like to combine in a meal, the short-cuts I take and the garnishings which give grace to the serving are all shown in the menus chosen.

"For example, Friday's breakfast presents the less expensive but nutritious meat cuts, with hot porridge (pressure cooked), which suits the near-winter Hobart mornings and sees little students through the school hours to a lunch selected with an eye to what they best like.

"Friday dinner strikes the note of a week-end holiday just begun. It is the time I like to relax with the children, and this is an example of a meal which can be prepared entirely beforehand; it only needs reheating and assembling.

"As a change from the busy breakfast periods of the week there is a minimum of cooking in Saturday's breakfast.

"Outside birthdays, Saturday nights can be nearest to party time. So it is around-the-fire tea, with nuts and raisins on the table, and the milk drinks are quite special."

Friday: Breakfast: Fresh fruit; rolled oats with brown sugar and top milk; lamb's fry and bacon; toast and honey or vegetable extract; tea, cocoa.

School Lunch: Wholemeal sandwiches; egg and parsley, peanut butter, and lettuce.

Dinner: Beef and kidney casserole with crouton topping, creamed potato, buttered canned peas; tomato slices and parsley to garnish; chocolate ice-cream cake.

Saturday: Breakfast: Stewed fruit (warmed in winter) with wheat germ and cream; curry with toast triangles; toasted raisin loaf and honey; tea, milk.

Midday Dinner: Combination grill—lamb chops and bacon, banana halves and tomatoes, chipped potatoes, shredded carrot and lettuce to garnish; lemon soufflé with passionfruit chantilly cream.

Round-the-fire Tea: Fish and potato croquettes with hollandaise sauce; toasted rolls; nuts and raisins; egg fluff; coffee.

BEEF AND KIDNEY CASSEROLE

Two pounds blade steak, 3 sheep's kidneys (or 1 ox kidney), flour, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 1 parsnip, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup green peas, salt, pepper, 1 cup water or stock.

Trim steak and cut, with kidney, into 1 in. cubes. Dredge with flour. Cut up onion and fry with meat in a small quantity of fat until all surfaces are seared. Dice other vegetables and add to meat. Season with salt and pepper, add water. Stir gently until boiling, allow to simmer, covered, until tender. Add a little more liquid if necessary.

Crouton Topping: Cut stale bread into small cubes. Fry in deep hot fat until golden-brown. Drain, season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle over top of casserole, garnish with parsley.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM CAKE

Ice-cream: One pint milk, 1 tin condensed milk, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, pinch salt, vanilla, 1 cup cream.

Chocolate Sauce: One and a half cups milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, vanilla.

Put milk in double boiler. When warm add cocoa and sugar, blend thoroughly. Bring to boiling point. Blend cornflour in a little cold milk and add to chocolate mixture. Stir for about 5 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in butter and vanilla. In winter serve warm.

Assembling Cake: Cut one-half of a sponge cake into squares about 2 1/2 in. in size. Slit through the middle. Cut ice-cream into similar-sized blocks, place between two sponge slices. Pour warm chocolate sauce over whole. Top with chopped walnuts and serve immediately.

CURRY WITH TOAST TRIANGLES

Meat (reserved from casserole), 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 finely diced apple, curry powder to taste.

Stir all ingredients into meat (moisten with stock or gravy if necessary), simmer gently 10 minutes. Serve hot with toast triangles and parsley to garnish.

COMBINATION GRILL

Lamb chops, bacon, tomatoes, banana halves.

Sear both sides of chops under hot grill. Reduce heat and place tomato halves (seasoned with salt and pep-

per and a little grated cheese) on the grill with the chops. Slice bananas lengthwise, dip in melted fat. Dredge with flour and grill until tender. Grill bacon, serve dinner with chipped potatoes and garnish with shredded lettuce and carrot.

LEMON SOUFFLE WITH PASSIONFRUIT CHANTILLY CREAM

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs (separated), 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Cream butter and sugar, work in sifted flour. Warm the milk and blend into the mixture. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in beaten egg-yolks and lemon juice. Beat egg-whites to a stiff froth and fold into the mixture. Put in greased casserole and place this in a tray of water in a moderate oven until set.

Passionfruit Chantilly Cream: 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint cream, 2 passionfruit.

Add sugar to cream and beat until thick. Fold in the passionfruit pulp. Spread over cooked soufflé and serve.

FISH AND POTATO CROQUETTES WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

One and a half cups cooked, flaked fish, 3 cups mashed potato, 1 egg, chopped parsley, juice of 1 lemon, flour, egg, and breadcrumbs.

Combine all ingredients and mould the mixture into shapes. Roll in flour, then beaten egg, then breadcrumbs. Fry in deep, hot fat until golden-brown. Serve with hollandaise sauce and garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

Hollandaise Sauce: One ounce butter, 1oz. flour, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Melt butter in saucepan over gentle heat. Gradually stir in flour and mix to a smooth paste. Add milk slowly, season, and continue stirring till sauce thickens. Then stir in beaten egg-yolk and lemon juice. Top with sprinkling of chopped parsley.

EGG FLUFF

One pint milk (warmed in winter), 2 eggs separated, 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg. (Serves 3.)

Beat milk, egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla together. Beat egg-whites until stiff; fold into milk, dust with nutmeg, and serve in tall glasses.

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ANACIN POWDERS



THEY STOP PAIN FASTER!

Well-known hostesses serve their *Favorite Party Dishes*



MRS. BRUCE MINELL, of Woollahra, Sydney, likes to entertain at bridge during winter. In an otherwise simple tea theme, a rich devil's food cake has pride of place.



AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER TABLE of Mrs. C. T. Lorenz. Savory bacon whirl served with Brazilian rice and cheese balls. Continental sandwiches, Hawaiian fruit, Scotch bun, and savories are included.



MRS. ERIC AVERY, of Melbourne, places her paradise 'creme tart' in the refrigerator in readiness for her dinner-party. Mrs. Avery excels in serving luscious sweets.



MRS. LORENZ serving punch at one of her after-theatre suppers. Mrs. Lorenz, of Woollahra, Sydney, is a founder of the New South Wales National Opera and has interests in many other activities. She is noted for her superb food and table arrangements. Mrs. Lorenz likes to prepare her own dishes so that color and food are perfectly harmonized.

THESE dishes, which are the favorite party recipes of noted hostesses, may look elaborate, but they are within the reach of the most inexperienced because of their basic simplicity. Moreover, they are not as expensive as they look.

SAVORY BACON WHIRL WITH BRAZILIAN RICE

Bacon Whirl: One pound bacon, 1 lb. cooked meat finely minced, 1 chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley, herbs to taste, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg.

Remove rind from bacon rashers and arrange in layers so that the white and red of the bacon is alternated. Mix all other ingredients together, spread evenly over the bacon, roll and secure with toothpicks. Bake until bacon is cooked, approximately 10 minutes. The rinds may be baked for the last five minutes with the roll until nicely crisped.

Brazilian Rice: Two tablespoons oil, 1 cup dry rice, 1 clove garlic, 1 small red chilli, 2 cups (approximately) hot water or chicken broth.

Heat oil in pan. Chop the other ingredients together and add to the hot oil. Keep mixing lightly, so that the rice does not brown, until oil is absorbed. Cover with hot water or chicken broth and cook until grains separate, about 10 minutes. Serve around savory bacon whirl, garnish with parsley, cheese biscuits, cheese balls, and bacon crisps.

Cheese Balls: Half pound cream cheese, a little cayenne, grated Parmesan cheese.

Make cream cheese and cayenne into small balls, and roll in grated Parmesan.

CONTINENTAL SANDWICHES

Butter squares of brown and rye bread and spread with mayonnaise, then top with the following combinations:

- Ham and sliced green capsicum.
- Peanut butter mixed with crisped and chopped bacon rinds.
- Mashed anchovies with capers.
- Cheese with celery and gherkin.
- Mashed liverwurst with chopped onion and parsley.

HAWAIIAN FRUIT

Cut one pineapple, 1 melon, and 1 papaw either round or lengthwise as preferred, and fill with inch-square blocks of each type of fruit. Garnish with mint leaves and Maraschino cherries.

● These charming hostesses are representative of countless others renowned for their culinary prowess, and their recipes will be an inspiration to all who delight in serving food with artistry and imagination.

SCOTCH BUN

One layer poppy-seed bun or small individual buns, rum butter.

Rum Butter: Half pound butter, 1 cup icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rum.

Beat butter and sifted icing sugar to a cream, add rum gradually, fill into buns. This butter will keep indefinitely and may be used with meringue or sponges as alternatives to buns.

PARADISE CREME TART

Four peaches, 3 slices pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ box strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream whipped and sweetened to taste, 1 dessertspoon brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ packet strawberry jelly crystals, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 cooked shortcrust pie-shell, chopped nuts, cherries.

Slice strawberries, pineapple, and peaches and arrange in cooled, cooked pie-shell. Make a jelly with the water and jelly crystals, allow to cool, then pour over the fruit and place in refrigerator until set. Cover with whipped cream flavored with brandy, and garnish with chopped nuts and cherries.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Three-quarters cup butter, 1 1-8 cups brown sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 3oz. bitter chocolate, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla.

Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs. Meanwhile pour boiling water over chocolate, stir over low heat until smooth and thick. Cool, add to egg-mixture, blend well. Sift flour once, measure and combine with other dry ingredients, then sift three times before adding to the chocolate mixture alternately with the milk and vanilla. Beat well. Pour batter into prepared 8-inch tins and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and ice and fill with chocolate-butter icing and decorate with marshmallow and grated chocolate.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Two ounces butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dark eating chocolate, 4 eggs (separated), vanilla essence.

Place butter in saucepan and melt over low heat. Break chocolate into small pieces, add to melted butter, and stir, without allowing mixture to become too hot, until quite smooth. Remove from heat, add egg-yolks, separately

and whole, to the chocolate mixture, and beat until smooth. Return to heat for a few minutes, but on no account allow to cook. Take off heat again, add vanilla to taste, and lightly fold in the egg-whites that have been beaten until quite stiff. Place in individual dishes or arrange on a large sweet-dish and allow to set. Decorate with whipped cream, crystallised cherries, or other fruits.

PAVLOVA CHANTILLY

Four egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 cup cake-crumbs, fruit syrup, whipped cream, chopped and whole fresh or preserved fruits.

Whip egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Add sugar, a tablespoon at a time, and continue beating until meringue is thick and sugar thoroughly dissolved. Fold in the vinegar and vanilla. Pile meringue on to a paper-lined baking-dish, shape with a spatula or spoon into a round, hollowing out the centre a little. Bake in a very slow oven for 2 hours or until set. Mix cake-crumbs with a little fruit syrup and fill into hollow of cooled meringue. Top with a layer of crushed fruits, and decorate with whipped sweetened cream and additional whole or sliced fruit.

BURNT ALMOND BISQUE

Two egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 rounded teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold milk or water, 1 egg-white, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup almonds, 1 cup cream (whipped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar and salt. Scald milk and pour over the egg and sugar mixture, stirring constantly. Place over low heat and cook carefully for 5 minutes. Add gelatine, which has been softened in the cold water or milk. Stir until dissolved, then set aside to cool. Blanch almonds, spread in a shallow pan and toast in a moderate oven until dark brown. Remove from oven, cool and grind in food chopper. When custard mixture is cool, add the ground almonds and essence, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white and the cream which has been whipped until firm. Place in refrigerator-pan and freeze until set. Cut into small squares and serve.

Continued on page 37



MRS. NORMAN JENKYN, of Pymble, Sydney, serves a variety of rich, decorative desserts as a climax to her buffet dinners and suppers. Mrs. Jenkyn considers arrangement and color harmony most important contributions to enjoyable eating.



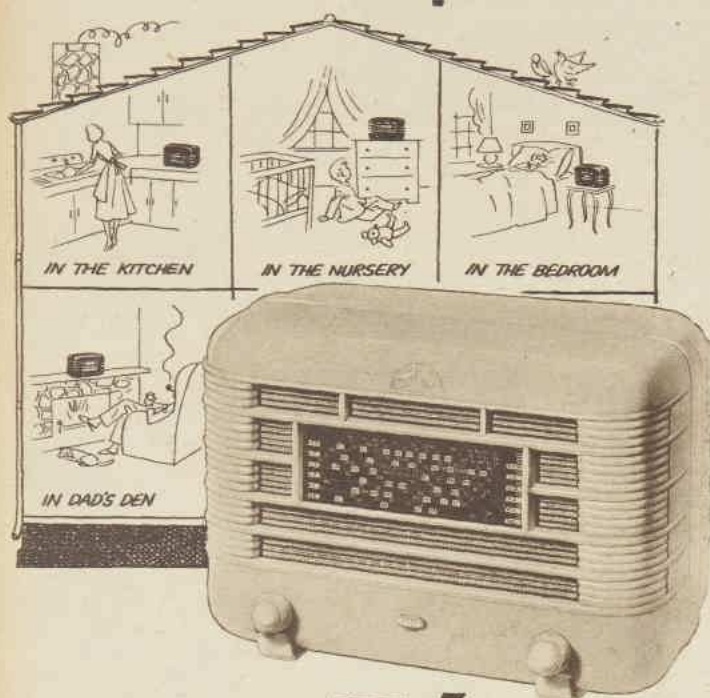
FEAST FOR THE EYES. These delicious desserts served by Mrs. Norman Jenkyn at her buffet party include Pavlova chantilly, burnt almond bisque, and French chocolate mousse. You will find these dishes surprisingly easy to prepare.



LADY DE CRESPIGNY, of North Adelaide (left), serving her favorite dessert known as "Mrs. Justice O'Dea's East Mayo trifle." Brisbane hostess Mrs. P. J. Kelly (centre) is seen putting the finishing touches to her sponge and nut flummery. Mrs. Kelly is famed for making quick, appetising sweets. Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, of Melbourne (above right), is about to serve luscious grape ice-cream.

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For luncheon or supper . . .



CAULIFLOWER SOHO is a delicious dish for luncheon, supper, buffet party, or for those who linger after the majority of the cocktail-hour guests have gone. It becomes an inexpensive dish if the oysters are omitted and 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce used to flavor.

● Put more appetite appeal into the food you plan to serve for luncheon, supper, or buffet-party by including some of the dishes on these two pages.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

LITTLE extra touches give an extra fillip to everyday dishes, turning them into delicious foods that strike a pleasingly different note.

Savory luncheon and supper dishes suggested on these two pages are made from simple, easy-to-get, reasonably economical ingredients, but care in preparation, flavoring, and serving will make them first favorites with family or guests.

All spoon measurements are level.

TOMATO LUNCHEON SAVORY

Two medium-sized onions, 1 tablespoon butter or bacon fat, 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, 1 small tin corn, 2 cups diced cold meat, salt, pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, mashed potato, bacon rolls and parsley to garnish.

Peel and dice onions, cook until lightly browned in butter or bacon fat. Stir in chopped skinned tomatoes, simmer until quite soft. Add corn and meat, season to taste with salt and pepper. Grease an ovenware dish thickly and coat generously with soft crumbs. Fill tomato mixture into dish, pipe a border of mashed potato. Bake in hot oven until re-

heated and potato lightly browned. Garnish with grilled bacon rolls and parsley. Serve hot.

VEAL AND TONGUE SHAPE

One knuckle of veal, 4 sheep's tongues, 1 lb. corned breast of mutton, 1 small onion, 6 or 8 cloves, 2 dessertspoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strained stock (in which meat cooked), salad ingredients.

Wash meats well, gash knuckle, trim tongue roots. Place all in saucepan with clove-stuck onion, sugar, vinegar. Barely cover with water and simmer gently until tongues are tender and bones easily removed from corned breast of mutton. Or meats may be pressure-cooked 1 hour with 2 cups water and the same flavorings. When meats are cooked remove bones from corned mutton, skin tongues and cut in halves lengthwise, chop meat from knuckle bone. Pack meat into mould or loaf-tin, mixing the three types. Pour in gelatine dissolved in hot stock. Place weight on top, allow to set overnight. Serve in thin slices with salad ingredients.

SMOKED FISH KEDGEREE

Three cups white sauce, 1 lb. cooked smoked fish, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, lemon juice, salt,

cayenne pepper, 1 cup cooked rice, paprika, lemon, parsley, and sliced hard-boiled egg to garnish.

Flake fish, removing any dark skin and bones. Mix with sauce. Add onion and red pepper. Season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper, and lemon juice. Fill into individual serving-dishes, border with cooked rice, dust with paprika. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg, lemon, and parsley.

EGG AND VEGETABLE MORNAI

One and a half cups diced cooked vegetables (peas, carrot, celery, etc.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cups white sauce, 4 hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, parsley to garnish.

Combine vegetables, sauce, and quarter hard-boiled eggs. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into greased scallop shells sprinkled lightly with cheese and crumbs mixed together. Top with balance of cheese and crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in hot oven until cheese is melted and browned. Garnish with parsley.

CAULIFLOWER SOHO

Two or 3 cups cooked cauliflower sprigs, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated onion, salt, pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 dozen oysters, grated cheese, crumbs, parsley.

**Tempting
inexpensive
dishes**



BORDER of piped creamed potatoes and grilled bacon rolls add to the flavor of this tomato luncheon savory.

EGG - AND - VEGETABLE mornay, shown left, served in individual scallop shells, is a quick and easy savory dish for fork meals.

FLAKED cooked fish, fresh or smoked, can be made to go farther by adding white sauce and cooked rice, as shown below.

VEAL - AND - TONGUE shape (above, left) is an ideal week-end dish for either winter or summer. It is very good served with salad.

Cook and drain cauliflower sprigs and keep hot over boiling water. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. (If oysters in the shell are used oyster liquor may be used to replace some of the milk.) Season with grated onion, salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Fold in oysters. Arrange cauliflower in individual serving-dishes, spoon sauce over. Top with grated cheese and crumbs. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

SCALLOPED FISH AND TOMATOES

One 12oz. tin salmon or any other type of tinned fish, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 3 dessertspoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg, 1½ cups roughly chopped ripe tomatoes, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, buttered crumbs, or extra soft breadcrumbs, and large nut of butter.

Drain and flake salmon or other tinned fish, mix with crumbs. Add

butter, onion, and beaten egg. Mix sugar, salt, cayenne pepper, and sauce into tomatoes, combine with fish mixture. Fill into greased ovenware dish, or individual scallop shells. Top with buttered crumbs or with soft breadcrumbs dotted with butter. Bake in hot oven until thoroughly reheated and browned on top.

JAMBOLAYA

Two slices fat bacon, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup tomato puree, ½ cup meat or vegetable stock, salt and pepper to taste, 1½ cups cooked rice, 1½ to 2 cups diced cooked meat (sausage, tongue, veal, and ham mixed, or chicken meat), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley.

Chop bacon, saute until fat is melted. Add onion, saute until soft and starting to change color. Add flour and brown lightly. Stir in tomato puree and stock. Season with salt and pepper. Continue stirring until boiling. Add rice, meat, and sauce. Stir over very

low heat for 10 minutes. Serve hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CURRIED EGGS AND VEGETABLES

One tablespoon good shortening, 1 small onion, 1 small green apple, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon sultanas or raisins, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper, 1 cup diced cooked vegetables (carrot, celery, potato, and peas mixed together), 5 or 6 chopped hard-boiled eggs, parsley to garnish.

Melt fat, add diced onion and apple and cook until starting to color. Add flour and brown lightly. Stir in curry powder, then milk, sultanas or raisins, lemon juice, and sugar. Continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and pepper, simmer 10 minutes. Fold in vegetables and eggs and simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve hot garnished with parsley. Melba toast is a good accompaniment for this dish.



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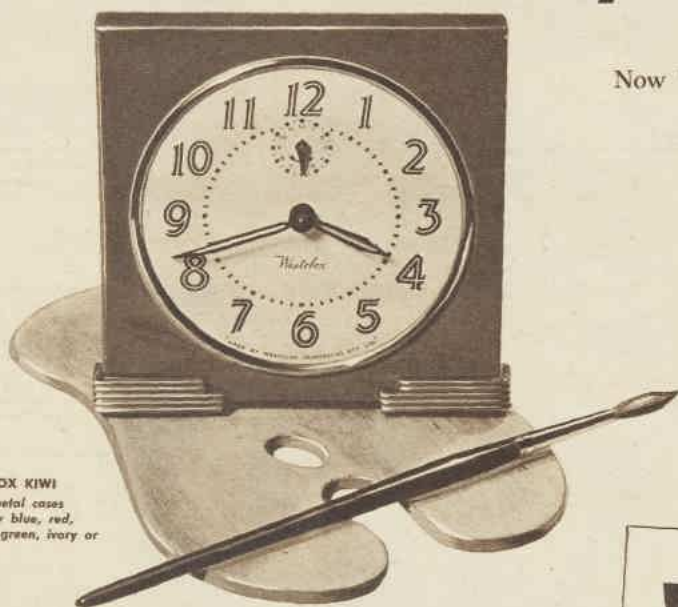
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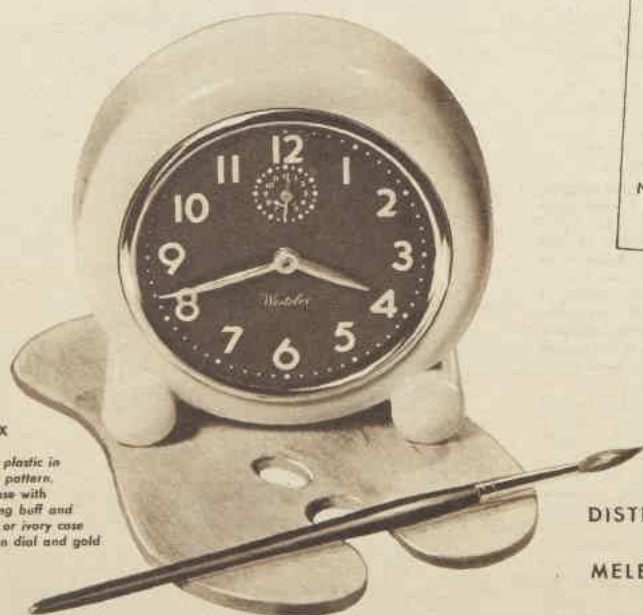
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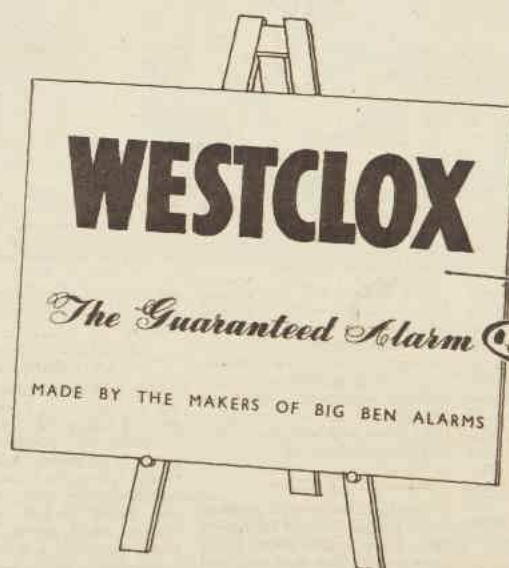
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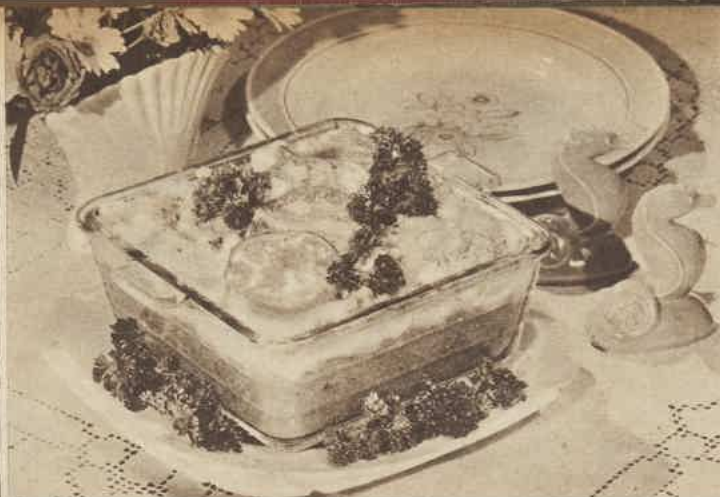
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SIZZLING CHEESE and spaghetti tops this hearty dish made from minced steak.

Beating the high cost of living

A little imagination can transform economy foods into dishes sufficiently attractive to please the most fastidious.



SAUSAGE and apple cobbler.

THE dishes suggested on this page are examples of simple, inexpensive foods made appetising and tempting by careful flavoring and garnishing.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAUSAGE AND APPLE COBBLER

One pound pork sausages, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, 1 cup dry stewed apple pulp (unsweetened), 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, milk to mix, mashed potato, parsley.

Prick sausages with a fork, drop into boiling water, simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Drain, cool slightly, remove skins. Cut into slices, pack into greased sandwich tin. Sprinkle with parsley, onion, salt and pepper to taste. Cover with apple pulp. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, shape lightly to size of sandwich tin. Place in tin. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to serving dish, pipe or spoon mashed potato on top. Return to hot oven until potato is lightly browned. Serve in wedges garnished with parsley.

MINCED STEAK AND MACARONI

One dessertspoon bacon fat, 1 small onion, 1 cup roughly chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 lb. minced steak, 1-3rd cup flour, 1 cup sultanas (or raisins).

Macaroni Topping: Six ounces macaroni, 3 slices onion, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1/2 cup medium thickness white sauce, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, tomato slices and parsley.

Melt bacon fat, add chopped onion, brown lightly. Stir in tomatoes, salt, steak, flour, and sultanas. Cover, simmer until meat is tender, stirring occasionally. Turn into casserole. Cook macaroni and onion slices in boiling salted water

until tender. Drain, mix with mustard and sauce. Pour over meat. Top with crumbs and cheese mixed together, add tomato slices. Bake in hot oven until top is sizzling brown.

PEACH QUEEN PUDDING

Two thin slices buttered bread, 1/2 pint milk, 2 table-spoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla or a few drops almond essence, tinned peaches drained from syrup (or any well-drained tinned or home-cooked fruit), 3 extra table-spoons sugar for meringue, split toasted almonds.

Cut bread into cubes, place in greased pie-dish. Beat 1 whole egg and yolk only of second egg with the milk and sugar. Add vanilla or almond essence. Pour over bread cubes. Stand dish in pan of warm water, bake in moderate oven until set. Cover top with peaches. Make meringue of remaining egg-white and extra

sugar. Spoon around edge of dish, stick with split toasted almonds. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue.

SPICY FRUIT DUMPLINGS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon spice, pinch nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3oz. very finely shredded beef suet, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4oz. mixed fruit, milk to mix.

Sift flour, spice, nutmeg, and salt. Mix in suet, then lemon rind and fruit. Add sufficient milk to make a medium dough. Roll into balls about the size of a golf ball. Cook on top of a casserole of fruit in the oven, on top of stewed fruit in a saucepan, or plunge into a small quantity of boiling water and cook alone. Allow about 30 minutes' cooking time. Dumplings cooked alone may be served with golden syrup or mock maple syrup.

FAVORITE DISHES

EAST MAYO TRIFLE

Sponge cake, strawberry or other conserve, sherry, rich boiled custard, fresh, canned, or glace fruits.

Cut sponge into pieces 1 in. thick. Spread with conserve, fill serving dish almost to the top. Pour over sherry to moisten, cover with custard. Chill several hours. Place dish on large platter, decorate with "chunky" fruits. Lady de Crespigny used bananas, peaches, glazed figs and apricots, and frosted grapes. Spoon trifle into serving dishes, top with the "chunky" fruits.

GRAPE ICE-CREAM WITH HOT BENEDICTINE SAUCE

Two eggs, 1 1/2 pints milk, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 lb. grapes, 1 pint cream, dash of Benedictine liqueur. Sauce: One dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup boiling water, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 wineglass Benedictine.

Make a boiled custard with eggs, milk, and 1 table-spoon of the sugar, cool. Peel and seed grapes, place in a bowl with balance of sugar, allow to stand 1 hour. Rub through

Continued from page 33

sieve. Fold puree into custard, add cream, flavor with Benedictine. Fill into refrigerator tray, freeze until mushy. Return to basin, beat well. Return to refrigerator, chill at normal for 1/2 hour. Serve with hot sauce, garnish with grapes.

Sauce: Blend cornflour with a little cold water, stir into boiling water. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add sugar and liqueur (just before serving).

SPONGE AND NUT FLUMMERY

One packet flummery, 1 packet jelly (same flavor), 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup sponge cake cubes, 1oz. blanched chopped almonds, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Prepare jelly in usual way. Chill until firm, cut into 1/2 in. cubes. Prepare flummery as directed, when slightly thickened whip until thick. Add salt. Fold in cream, cubes of jelly and cake, and almonds. Fill into mould, chill until firm. Serve with cream, decorate with cubes of jelly.

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P. 13. 5

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is in my hands*

that's why I'll always buy MILO



Mother carries a great responsibility. Not only must she please the family . . . she must safeguard their health as well. Hers is the job of keeping everyone fit, well and happy. And in that job one of her best, most dependable helpers is MILO. Milo is far more than a delicious chocolate-flavoured beverage loved by all who taste it. Milo is a valuable, yet remarkably inexpensive, tonic food . . . a blend of pure country milk, malted cereals and added vitamins A, B and D. There are phosphates in Milo, calcium and health-promoting minerals. You'll find that Milo helps to restore lost energy; that it soothes yet stimulates; that it builds up resistance against everyday ills and chills; and—at day's end—induces sound restful sleep.

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hundreds of sprays that last
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HAZEL



"Murphy all the way. Knockout in the ninth."

BUTCH



"I couldn't say 'No' to the chap. Anyway, you won't have to pay until you get your first copy of the Bird Lore Digest."

It seems to me

EVERY now and then, after months of immunity, I am hit by one of the maladies of modern civilisation. Some people have it chronically, others get recurring attacks.

It has a permanent epidemic form, and is at times infectious.

The other day I rang up a friend to make arrangements for a visit. She answered me in a vague, remote voice. To slightly alarmed inquiries she replied that yes, her husband was all right, yes, the children were all right as far as she knew. No, no, she was perfectly well herself.

"I'm sorry," she said next day, looking the picture of health when I arrived, "did I sound odd? I had a thriller I couldn't put down."

"Where is it?" I said, feeling the slight feverish symptoms which I know well.

The first two pages were enough. "This," I said critically, "is going to be about spies. I have seen the word dossier already."

"Well, try one of these," she said, throwing me an armful of green covers.

In a few minutes I was purring, having selected two, one in a university college and one in a theatre—my favorite murder settings—both with corpses in the first chapter.

"Don't blame me," I said, before I disappeared into an armchair, "if you don't hear any gossip from me or get an audience for yours. And you'll have to get the children to do the drying up. It's your fault. I haven't had an attack of these for 12 months."

The second of them is at home now. The thought of getting back to it to-night to find out who cracked the University lecturer on the head with a poker enlivens the day.

When a fever of this kind comes on, I find that the best cure is to let it run its course. It usually passes its peak after the third volume, and five, taken straight, will render me immune for another six months.

FAR be it from me to find any note of cheer amid the encircling gloom of the Sydney blackout season.

And yet, crawling up the stairs by torchlight to my cavern, evening after evening, one little "could be worse" thought always intrudes. As I puff on to the last turning to the fourth floor it occurs to me how fortunate it is that when I took this apartment (back in the days when people actually chose what abode they would have) I couldn't afford a tenth floor dwelling with harbor view.

A CZECH national matrimonial agency which made 1700 matches last year points out that it saved 40,000 working hours which would have been lost in courtship.

What a practical idea. One can just hear the Czech girls saying enthusiastically, "Walk in the park? Pictures? No, dear, I have a friend in the matrimonial agency who has just sent me a batch of forms. Fill one in and she guarantees special attention. In the meantime we can go and make some more lovely tractors."



Dorothy Drain

SOME women in Nottingham, England, are showing good sense in their choice of historical women to depict in a pageant.

They intend to show the harm as well as good that women have done because, says the producer, they want to present "a fair picture" of women's place in history.

They are wise, not on the score of fairness, but because a pageant, like any other form of entertainment, ought to be entertaining. And it is undeniable that bad historical women are usually more entertaining than good ones.

Honestly, now, if you saw two books lying round, or two films advertised, and knew nothing about the merits of either, except that one was about Florence Nightingale and one about Cleopatra, which would you choose?

The same applies to men, though perhaps to a lesser extent. A good man (historical) is perhaps not so dull as a good woman, though the male villain exerts a powerful charm.

I am speaking historically, you understand. Villains and baggages right on the domestic doorstep are a different thing, quite offsetting any picturesqueness by the trouble they bring in their train.

AN English beekeeper has increased the efficiency of his hives by adding a back door, so that the bees go in one door and come out the other. "It saves traffic jams," he said. "Bees don't like traffic jams."

Once upon-a-time somebody set a fashion to admire ants and bees, and ever since people have been lavishing praise on both of these.

Personally I am tired of hearing about the assiduous manner in which they rush to and fro, working like mad, hardly ever throwing a spanner;

And now, forsooth, we are supposed to be impressed because traffic jams make them distressed.

Humans don't like traffic jams either, but who ever thinks it worth mention as a trait that requires the slightest attention?

Now if we were watched over by some comparably gigantic race which saw us in the mass and didn't study each harassed face

I'll bet they (the watchers) would say, "Aren't humans clever, rushing to and fro, working like mad, well, I never!"

Come to think of it, who knows what problems a bee may have on his mind?

If you were able to psychoanalyse them, who knows what you might find?

This sympathetic thought enables me to tolerate them a little better, but not much.



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MANDRAKE: Master magician and the lovely PRINCESS NARDA: Visit the home of a friend ARLEN BLAINE: To examine the skeleton of a winged horse belonging to MUNDEN: An explorer who brought it back from the

Polar regions. Munden wants Blaine to finance an expedition there, but when Mandrake proves that Munden's "flying horse" skeleton is a fake, Munden attacks him. The magician suddenly seems to be covered with a block of ice.

WITH A GESTURE, MANDRAKE HYPNOTIZES THE EXPLORER! "THINK HARD, MUNDEN," HE SAYS, SOFTLY. "WHAT DID YOU SEE IN THAT WARM POLAR LAND THAT WOULD MAKE A GREAT MAN LIKE YOU LIE AND CHEAT TO RETURN? THINK!"



THROUGH MANDRAKE'S HYPNOSIS, MUNDEN'S THOUGHTS ARE PROJECTED ON THE WALL. TELEPATHIC PROJECTION! HIS VISIBLE THOUGHTS TRAVEL OVER THE POLAR WASTES—THEN PAUSE AS THEY REACH A STEAMING GRASSY FIELD—



—THEN A DAZZLING IMAGE! A GLITTERING, FABULOUS CITY BUILT OF GIANT JEWELS INSTEAD OF STONE! CAN MUNDEN HAVE REALLY SEEN THIS IN THAT STRANGE WARM LAND SURROUNDED BY POLAR ICE?



MANDRAKE SNAPS HIS FINGERS, ENDING THE TRANCE. "WHAT HAPPENED?" MUTTERS MUNDEN, DAZED. "YOU SHOWED US YOUR REAL INTEREST IN THIS EXPEDITION—THE CITY OF JEWELS! TELL US MORE," ADDS MANDRAKE.



"YOU PROJECTED MY THOUGHTS!" GASPS MUNDEN. "THEN I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE TRUTH. BUT FIRST—SOME OF THAT COFFEE!" "I THINK WE COULD ALL HAVE SOME," LAUGHS NARDA.



"WE WERE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE POLE," SAYS MUNDEN. "I LOST MY PARTY AND STUMBLED FOR HOURS THROUGH THE ICE AND COLD. SUDDENLY, HALF-DEAD, I CAME UPON A WARM, GRASSY FIELD



"I WALKED FOR HOURS—OR DAYS—THEN I SAW IT! GLITTERING IN THE SUN! IT WAS ALMOST BLINDING—A CITY OF JEWELS! I MUST HAVE FAINED THEN—"



"I AWOKE IN A GLITTERING ROOM, LYING ON A FLEECY CLOTH. A LOVELY GIRL WAS HANDING ME A GOBLET TO DRINK FROM. THE GOBLET WAS CARVED FROM A SINGLE GIANT LIVING RUBY! WAS I DREAMING? I ASKED MYSELF," SIGHS MUNDEN.



TO BE CONTINUED

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It holds
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Six-20 Kodak "A" Camera

Anastar f/6.3 lens, focusing from 4ft. to infinity; Daken shutter with two speeds (1/25 and 1/50 sec.); time and "bulb"; 8 exp., 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 ins. Price, £12/8/3.



Actina Metal Tripod

All purpose 5-section tripod sturdy light alloy metal. Height adjustable by independent knob on each leg. Reversible screw for continental and international threads. £8/8/9.



Barton Tripod Head

A neatly finished and efficient accessory. May be attached to any tripod; ball and socket head enables camera to be tilted to almost any angle. Price 8/9.



Barton Spring-Clamp Reflector

A useful accessory for indoors. Spring-Clamp attachment allows it to be used in a variety of positions. Price £2/15/0.



Barton Single Unit Reflector

A simple effective lighting aid to indoor photography. Sturdy all-metal construction, triple extension stand and folding tripod legs. Price (without lamp) £4/13/9.



Kodak "Duaflex" Camera

A modern, smartly styled camera: large reflex-type viewfinder, push-button anti-shock shutter control, pre-focused Kodak lens; metal body; satin chrome front. Braided carrying sling. 12 pictures, 2 1/2 x 2 1/2, on V620 film. £5/19/6.

Prices subject to alteration without notice.



Kodak Flash-Holder

Clips to the side of camera, is fired automatically by release of camera shutter. Three models—Type B for Brownie Reflex and Brownie "E," Type FB for folding Brownie and type KA for all models of Six-20 Kodak "A." All models £1/11/0.



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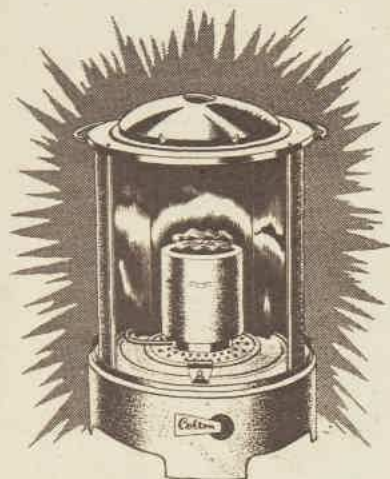
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Worth Reporting

IF anyone knows the fabric of other people's dreams, it's Mr. Tom Grenfell, publicity controller of Vernon's football pools in Britain.

It is his pleasant job to inform people they have won sums from £300 to £96,000 by tipping football results.

He came to Australia with the general manager, Harry J. Hardman, to see what the prospects were of English people tipping on Australian football results.

"Chicken farms come high on the list of pool entrants' dreams, but few winners buy farms," he told us.

When a win comes, sentimental and elaborate dreams dissolve and the winner is usually content with a family holiday at Blackpool or some other resort, and a new but modest home and a car.

In short, winners of football pools usually return to their normal habits of living, except that they have new comforts and begin to make ambitious plans for their children.

Occasionally winners do grasp the opportunity to make a cherished dream come true.

One woman who won £11,000 made an immediate grant to a local hospital where her husband had been treated. She had entered the pool with the hope that she could win and repay the kindness.

Another who won £28,000 bought a car, a lavish wardrobe, a fur coat, and went to London, where she stayed at a fashionable hotel.

Some months later when her husband returned from a fishing trip to Iceland, she drove to the wharf to meet him, told him of her win, and became a housewife again.

Winning a pool is a remote chance. Some entrants rely on method, some on luck, Mr. Grenfell told us.

One winner was successful only because his wife purposely changed his selections while filling in the coupon for him.

She was angry with him for locking himself in a room to work out his selections. He did not notice the alteration, which won them £40,000.

NEW GUINEA resident Mrs. C. E. Searle, of Awala, who was in Brisbane recently, told one of our reporters there that pumice dust from the eruption of Mt. Lamington settled in her hair like cement. The only way she could get rid of it was to adopt a short hair-cut.



"YOU tell me what I've done."

PARENTS may attend a picture house in Edinburgh, Scotland, only if accompanied by their children. The cinema shows children's programmes only, our London office reports. Wee Jock can now say to his mother, "If I don't have to do the messages to-day, I'll let you come to the pictures with me."

Eating roses and old Coalport

FOR many months we've had our eye on a dear little bright yellow coffee pot and three cups.

They were sitting in the corner of a rather superior second-hand shop near our office, and we coveted this rather shabby but gay group, especially as our coffee cups (whole) are reduced to two.

We plucked up courage and decided to make a bid for our prize. A neat, grey-haired man in the shop asked us what we wanted.

"Those yellow cups and pot — they are a bit cracked and old," we ventured, "how much would they be?" The little man bristled visibly.

"Ah, you are the kind of person who would eat a rose, not smell it," he thundered.

We assured him we had never eaten a rose in our lives. "Those cups and pot, which you observe are old and cracked, I'll have you know are for sale for £25."

We wilted.

"They are 1750 English Coalport china — collectors' pieces — here is the date. Those 'cracks' are age marks and confirm their value."

We shuffled out of the shop muttering that we had only wanted a few bright coffee cups to replenish our dwindling stocks . . . we were very sorry, we said.

Hospital now does its washing by weight

AT Sydney's biggest hospital — Royal Prince Alfred — laundry is now weighed instead of being counted. In the new laundry just opened they weigh linen in 1000lb. lots, and when it is checked out again, clean and pressed, it is weighed the second time.

Clean linen weighs less than soiled, and should loss in weight be more than the usual percentage, a check is made.

A spokesman at the hospital told us that if three people counted a hundred sheets, one would probably make the total 100, another 99, and another 101, which would mean a recount until they all got the same answer.

The enormous amount of laundry done at the hospital requires a staff of 80. Twelve men work washing-machines and the women do pressing and lighter jobs.

The original laundry building dated 1899 was still in use when the new laundry was opened earlier this month. Conditions for staff working in it were so bad that operators of hydro extractors and washing-machines received a disability allowance of 10/- a week in addition to their wages.

Now modern amenities including locker and change-rooms are provided.

Bearded exponent of knitting

WHEN a series of television knitting lessons were recently arranged in Britain by the B.B.C., women were surprised to see that the instructor was a man. But Mr. James Norbury, who gave the lessons, knows more about knitting than the majority of women.

He is chief pattern designer for a firm of woollen manufacturers, has a varied collection of woollen garments from all parts of the world, and is well versed in the history of knitting. He claims that it is an ancient craft originally practised by men and only recently adopted by women.

On television, bearded, genial Mr. Norbury wore a hand-knitted waistcoat, knitted blandly throughout the programmes, and dealt effortlessly with such problems as heel-turning, making button-holes, and fair-isle patterning.



You can see
him putting
on weight!

Put baby on Granose Vitamin Food. Whole Wheat Biscuits and watch him put on weight! Made from freshly harvested whole wheat — and enriched with added Vitamin B1 — they contain practically all the natural, body-building goodness of the golden grain . . . provide the "building blocks" young children need to develop sturdy bones and firm, healthy flesh. Obtainable from all grocers.

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Send 1d. in stamps for free baby care book. Sanitarium Health Food Co., Waltham, N.S.W.



PHILIP GARE COSMETICS BOX 442 G.P.O. MELBOURNE

RADIO ANNOUNCERS IN TROUBLE!

Many well known radio announcers dread the coming of winter. The reading aloud of advertisements is a strain on the voice at any time, but when winter infection leaves the announcer with a sore throat, the task becomes doubly difficult. That's why many announcers make it a practice to keep Allen's CURE-EM-QUICK handy when they're "on the air." Allen's CURE-EM-QUICK gives soothing, certain relief from the worst sore throat, and relieves coughing instantly.

My favorite poem

Here are some lines from the favorite poem of Mrs. A. Clifford, Kyrung Road, Mt. Eliza, Victoria. Send us your favorite short poem or an excerpt.

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatched eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.

—From "To Autumn," by John Keats.

AROUND HOLLYWOOD MOVIE SETS



COFFEE FOR TWO. Lovely Ava Gardner and Robert Mitchum (left), stars of R.K.O.'s "My Forbidden Past," pause for a cup of coffee and a welcome break between scenes during filming of the picture.

SOME HAT. Melvyn Douglas inspects the elaborate hat worn by Janis Carter (above right) in "My Forbidden Past," a lavish period production set in New Orleans.

GAY TWOSOME. Stars of R.K.O.'s technicolor adventure story "Sons of the Musketeers," Maureen O'Hara and Edmund O'Brien (lower left), share a joke between scenes.



FENCED IN. June Greer (above) plays at being a tenderfoot here, but in the R.K.O. film "The Company She Keeps" she steals the affections of Dennis O'Keefe from Elizabeth Scott.



QUIET MOMENT. Irene Dunne, resting in her dressing-room (left), contemplates further work on her light comedy "Never a Dull Moment," in which Fred MacMurray shares the fun out west.



[ADVERTISEMENT]

*"Jack is a wonderful son
but my goodness
he's hard to wake up!"*

"Jack was always one for sleeping in — hard to wake up — but once he does, he makes up for lost time.

"Jack woke up only a few weeks ago to the danger facing Australia. He joined the C.M.F. and now he reckons there's nothing like it — wishes he'd joined up long ago.

"It seems to me it's time we all woke up to the dangers that surround Australia today. I don't want to see my son involved in a big war. No woman does. But the only chance we have of securing peace and saving thousands of lives is to prepare now to defend ourselves effectively. I'm proud to see my son facing up to a man's job, in the King's uniform."

More and more young men are "waking up" and joining the Citizen Military Forces for home training, and in the event of a major war, for service wherever needed to defend Australian lives and homes. They realise that training for war saves lives!

Encouragement of their menfolk in this important step is one of the finest things Australian women can do for Australia, because Australia's future safety — and their own security — depend upon our young men being fully trained to carry out the great responsibilities which may suddenly confront them.

**EVERY MOTHER SHOULD ENCOURAGE HER
SON TO JOIN THE C.M.F. THE TRAINING HE
GETS MAY ONE DAY SAVE HIS LIFE.**



1 ARCHER DARDO (Burt Lancaster, above), who is known as "The Arrow," brings his son Rudi (Gordon Gebert) on visit to town.

2 POMP of tyrant Ulrich (Frank Allenby, right), known as "The Hawk," angers Dardo. With Ulrich is Francesca (Lynne Baggett), Dardo's ex-wife.



THE FLAME AND THE ARROW

SET in medieval Italy, Warners' "The Flame and the Arrow" combines romance and adventure. Technicolor background and handsome period costumes add opulence to the film.

Burt Lancaster, who was once a professional acrobat, appears as "The Arrow," a role made to measure for his acrobatic prowess. As the leader of a group of unhappy citizens who have banded together to free their district from oppression, he scales over roof-tops, is involved in sword fights, and in one sequence joins a troupe of acrobats as a ruse to baffle his enemies.



4 CAPTURED by Dardo's men while lost in the hills, Ulrich's niece Anne (Virginia Mayo) is impressed when Dardo sets her free. He tells her of his plan to regain his son.

3 WOUNDED in fight against Ulrich's tyranny, Dardo learns that Rudi is held by enemy.

With him in a series of adventurous escapades are the Blacksmith Piccolo (Nick Cravat), Monzoni the Apothecary (Victor Kilian), the Arrowsmith (John Pallette), the giant Bambino (Mel Archer) and others.



5 NOBLEMAN Alessandro (Robert Douglas) plans to marry Anne with Ulrich's approval. But he leaves castle in anger when Ulrich demands large taxes.



6 RESCUED by Dardo and his men when Ulrich has him taken prisoner, Alessandro is apparently eager to join Dardo's outlaw band. With Alessandro's help, Dardo enters castle, fails to rescue Rudi, but takes Anne as hostage.



7 ENRAGED by Ulrich's cruelty, Dardo plans to end the terror, but treacherous Alessandro informs Ulrich, who attempts to kill Rudi. When Francesca protects boy, Ulrich kills her.



8 FIERCE fight between Ulrich and Dardo breaks out when latter enters castle and finds Ulrich about to kill Rudi. Dardo is victorious and the town is freed. With Anne, Dardo and Rudi return to freedom in the hills.



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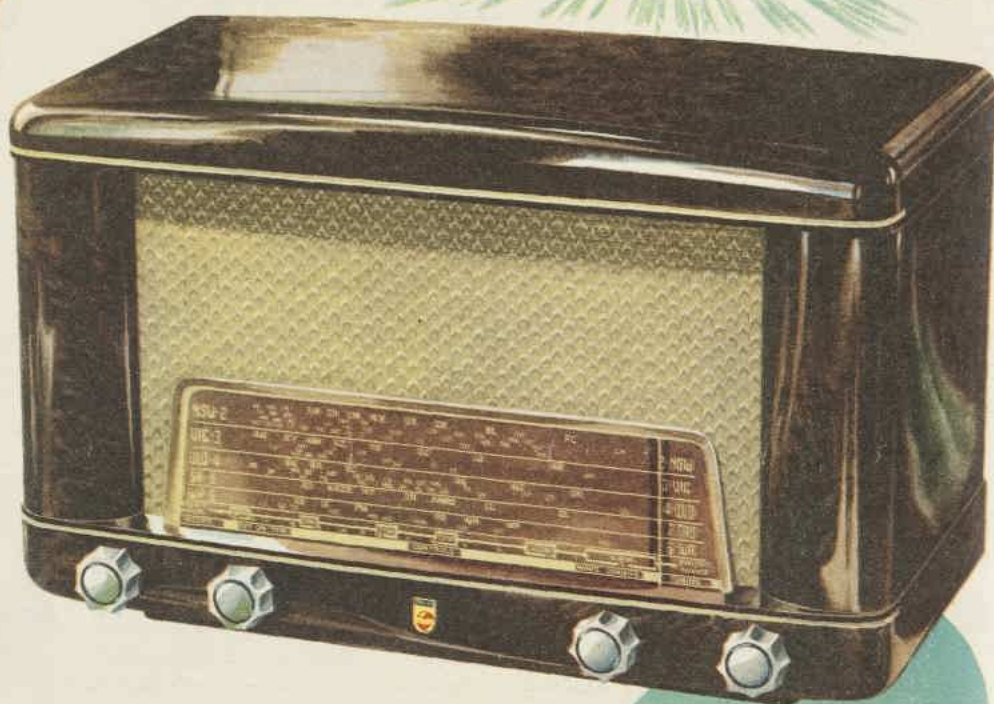
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Talking of FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *Treasure Island*
WALT DISNEY'S
technicolor presenta-
tion of Robert Louis
Stevenson's "Treasure
Island" may not be
precisely what the author
had in mind when he con-
cocted the tale of youthful
adventures with a pirate
band; neither is it charac-
teristic Disney, being
wholly enacted by live
performers.

But ace-cartoonist Disney
has handled the straight
material with understanding
and real feeling for the sub-
ject throughout the action.

The result is that the film
is an adventurous excursion
into days of bold exploit, and
is first-rate entertainment for
all who retain a flicker of
imagination.

In keeping with formula, the
film "Treasure Island" is
populated with black-hearted
villains and men of worth. No-
body bothers about in-between
character shadings.

Most members of the com-
bined British-American cast
fulfil the demands of Steven-
son's story.

One of our favorite juven-
iles and hero of the piece,
talented Bobby Driscoll, again
shows that he is a craftsman as
well as a spirited youngster as
the action takes him through
melodramatic incidents.

Then there are such veterans
as Robert Newton, who smirks
and snarls with ingratiating
ease as the treacherous sea-
cook, Long John Silver; Basil
Sydney as worthy Captain
Smollett, of the good ship
Hispaniola, the vessel which
conveys the treasure-seekers to
the island; Denis O'Dea as
suitably serious Dr. Livesey;
and Walter Fitzgerald, playing
with an air the role of foolish
but kindly Squire Trilawayne.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ Two Weeks With Love

THE plot of M.G.M.'s
"Two Weeks With
Love" is more than usually
trivial, even for this type
of music-color film.

Set in the early 1900's, it
concerns the efforts of Patti
Robinson (Jane Powell) to
convince her parents (Anne
Harding and Louis Calhern)



KATHRYN BEAUMONT, who provides the voice and inspira-
tion for modern Alice, plays with dolls modelled after the
fascinating characters with which she shares adventures in
Walt Disney's technicolor production "Alice in Wonderland."



CANASTA enthusiasts Alan Ladd, his wife Sue, looking rather
baffled, and co-star Mona Freeman (right) deepen their
suntan while they concentrate on cards during a break while
working on location in Arizona.

that, at seventeen, she is en-
titled to more fashionable
clothes, particularly a corset.

While on holiday with her
family she meets and attracts
a debonair Cuban (Ricardo
Montalban), but the romance
flourishes only after Patti's
parents relent on the matter
of dress.

Apart from two dream se-
quences and the presentation
of some catchy vintage songs,
this is about all there is to

the film. Unless you are ad-
dicted to pure nostalgia you
may find the action too sparse
to hold your interest.

Jane Powell does her best
with the saccharine star role,
but Debbie Reynolds, a pretty
newcomer with an infectiously
exuberant personality, steals
a good deal of the limelight.
Others in the cast include
Carleton Carpenter and
Phyllis Kirk.

In Sydney—St. James.

News from studios

From Hollywood and London

THREE prominent bachelors now living at Universal
Studio full time are Howard Duff, Jeff Chandler, and
Francis the mule. Chandler has been sleeping in his
dressing-room since he separated from his wife; Duff
started sleeping in his roomy dressing quarters to avoid
the long drive from his home in Malibu, and Francis just
plain loves his stall, since it was there that he first
achieved movie fame.

TWO of Hollywood's loveliest
young actresses, Elizabeth
Taylor and Janet Leigh, have
leased a Malibu Beach house
for the summer. Both young-
sters have been divorced, and
have been friends since they
were playing bit parts on the
M.G.M. lot.

TYRONE POWER returns
from the London location
of "The House on the Square"
to star in Fox's "Lydia Baily,"
which rolls shortly. His lead-
ing lady has not yet been
selected for the suspense
drama, but the film must be
completed this summer to
allow Power to fulfil his com-
mitment in "Way of a
Gaucho," to be filmed in the
Argentine pampas region early
this autumn.

CHARACTER actor Lewis
Stone has signed for his
third M.G.M. picture this year,
and will portray a commis-
sioner of baseball in "Angel
and the Pirates." Stone re-
cently completed "The Thin
Knife" and "Bannerline" for
Metro.

LANKY, droll Scot Alastair
Sim is being starred in a
new film version of the Dic-
kens classic "A Christmas
Carol." Alastair will play
Scrooge, and will be on the
screen from the first shot to
the last. Films of Dickens'
classics have found such popu-
larity in the United States that
shrewd Sim has asked for a 20
per cent. cut in salary in ex-
change for a share in the film's
American takings.



HOLLYWOOD travellers
Rosalind Russell, her hus-
band, Fred Brisson, and son
Carl en route to Europe.

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TESTS PROVE IT!

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Medium	Green	BROWN
Ruddy	Hazel	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled	Brown	BROWN
Olive	Black	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Olive		REDHEAD
Tan		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Tan		GREY HAIR
If Pale check above & here	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	It goes dark. Check below & here
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DOWN at Hythebourne, where Susan had waited during the months before Midge was born, the loss of understanding between Louis and herself was frighteningly apparent. He came to her with the regularity of a religious duty determinedly performed, whenever he had leave, and these days were lived through in a state of crashing tension.

After Midge's birth she had settled to caring for the child, and planning for the moment when she would be old enough to take to London. Return to the flat, to her old life there with Louis, now presented the only salvation of the marriage.

But the plan, when she told him of it, met with complete and final opposition from Louis. There were no arguments to convince him that the physical dangers she and the child faced were infinitely more to be desired than the slow strangulation of their love here at Hythebourne.

Anguish over his inability to recognise the fact made her inarticulate. She prayed that his blindness might be relieved by one flash of insight, but it never occurred. Finally she gave up hope, and from that moment she planned escape.

She bore the almost insuperable difficulties of finding a passage to New York with a patience which her bitterness had made more dogged. Her flight from Louis and Hythebourne brought a deep and abiding sense of peace, so that it was impossible to feel guilt or remorse for an action which now appeared justified.

For six years there had been no sign from Louis, no message or letter, and it might have gone on that way for the rest of their lives if she had not decided to marry Paul. She had written to Louis, and finally sent a formal request through her solicitors that he should start divorce proceedings on the grounds of her desertion.

Even this brought no personal reply from him; it seemed to Susan that he treated it as he might treat an annoying request from a stranger, something to be turned over to his lawyers to deal with as quickly as possible. Each time she thought about it, the subtle overtones of contempt in his behaviour stung her.

Louis had always had such a vast contempt for what he considered beneath him. There had not even been the slight courtesy of a note to acknowledge the fact that she was coming to London in order to see him. She hadn't believed that the end of a marriage could be so completely bad, so evil...

They were in sight of the hotel, and she began to think of the leisurely bath she would have, and then a cocktail later

All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 10

with Paul. Perhaps there was even time to phone Louis' solicitors to arrange an appointment for to-morrow morning. So much time would be lost if she had to wait until Monday.

She was working it out as she and Paul went into the hotel together... as she bent to sign the register...

As Susan turned from the reception desk her glance fell on Louis.

He sat in the lounge, a glass on the table before him, his face half-turned away from her, and even after six years she hadn't forgotten how he held a cigarette, and smoked so quietly, with half-closed eyes, like a cat's.

Even in the bewilderment of that first moment it shocked her to realise how well she remembered.

He hadn't seen her. Instinctively she clutched Paul's arm, an alarming sense of panic driving her to seek the swiftest escape. She wasn't ready to face him; she needed the bath and the cocktail, she needed the support of so many trivial things before she could talk to him calmly.

Paul was gazing at her now, an expression of inquiry upon his face.

She ran the tip of her tongue across her lips. "Louis is there," she said dully.

He looked beyond her. "Which is he?"

"By the entrance. He's alone."

PAUL glanced towards the entrance, then he nodded slowly, looking back at Susan. "What are you going to do?"

She said miserably: "I can't talk to him now. I'm not ready."

Paul took her arm as she tried to hurry away.

"Look, Sue," he said, dropping his voice so that no one could overhear. "It's obvious Louis is waiting for you. Why don't you see him now and get it over. That's much the best way—or else you'll be having a call to your room from him in no time."

"Yes." As if trying to gain time, she said slowly: "Will you come with me?"

"No, Sue."

Silently she questioned him. "This is your show," he said.

She didn't say any more, but he saw a sort of mental squaring of her shoulders, and suddenly, feeling her loneliness and panic, he touched her hand briefly.

"I'll be waiting upstairs."

The lounge was crowded. Only a few single vacant seats remained, besides the one facing Louis. He didn't notice Susan coming, and she actually stood above him for about ten seconds before he raised

his eyes. Then he stared at her blankly.

After another small age she saw his eyebrows begin to lift inquiringly. She struggled desperately to remember what she had decided to say, but it was quite gone. She said at last, weakly: "Do you mind if I sit down?"

He sprang to his feet, as if her words were unexpected, and pulled out the chair. "I'm sorry. Please do."

She sat down and looked at him, and saw his own eyes fixed on her unblinkingly. Why didn't he say something? Why didn't one of them say something? Another thirty seconds like the last and she knew she would get up and walk away.

Suddenly he said: "Would you care for a cigarette?" It was said not abruptly, but a little impersonally.

"Thank you." She was pitifully grateful for its proffered refuge, for the respite which the taking and lighting of the cigarette would offer her. He leaned over and lit it slowly, as if he also were marking time, seeking for words.

She looked at him quite closely while he held the lighter to his own cigarette. He had altered hardly at all, features just the same, hair as dark and brushed straight back. Nothing changed that one could pinpoint, unless one noticed his eyes, kindly and a little puzzled, and his hands relaxed and steady—different from the hands she remembered.

Hardly changed, and yet a difference somewhere. She couldn't tell exactly.

He pushed the ash-tray towards her. "Do English cigarettes give you a shock? Most Americans don't like them."

"Any cigarette is good after a journey. Almost as good as a bath."

"Tired?"

"Tired enough."

He smiled, a friendly, odd little smile. "Then would you like... look, let me get you a drink."

A waiter was quickly at his side, removing his own empty glass, and bending over to hear Susan's order. "Gin and French," she said faintly.

"I'll have the same again."

"Rye and dry, wasn't it, sir?"

"Yes, that's right."

Louis was looking at her once more, smiling again, and saying: "I'm waiting for my wife."

The shock of it kept her silent, once she had controlled her first impulse to cry out. She asked her cigarette when it didn't need it, and in her agitation nearly stubbed it out. She repeated his words over to herself, felt herself saying them and trying to find their meaning.

At last the truth of small facts began to add up. Louis had greeted her as a stranger might—a friendly, smiling stranger. His odd remarks which hadn't made sense now had a full, unpleasant meaning. He knew her as little as he knew the dozens of other people crossing and recrossing in the foyer.

Only his smiling unawareness of her identity prevented her from blurting out the truth immediately. It was affecting her curiously.

Please turn to page 52

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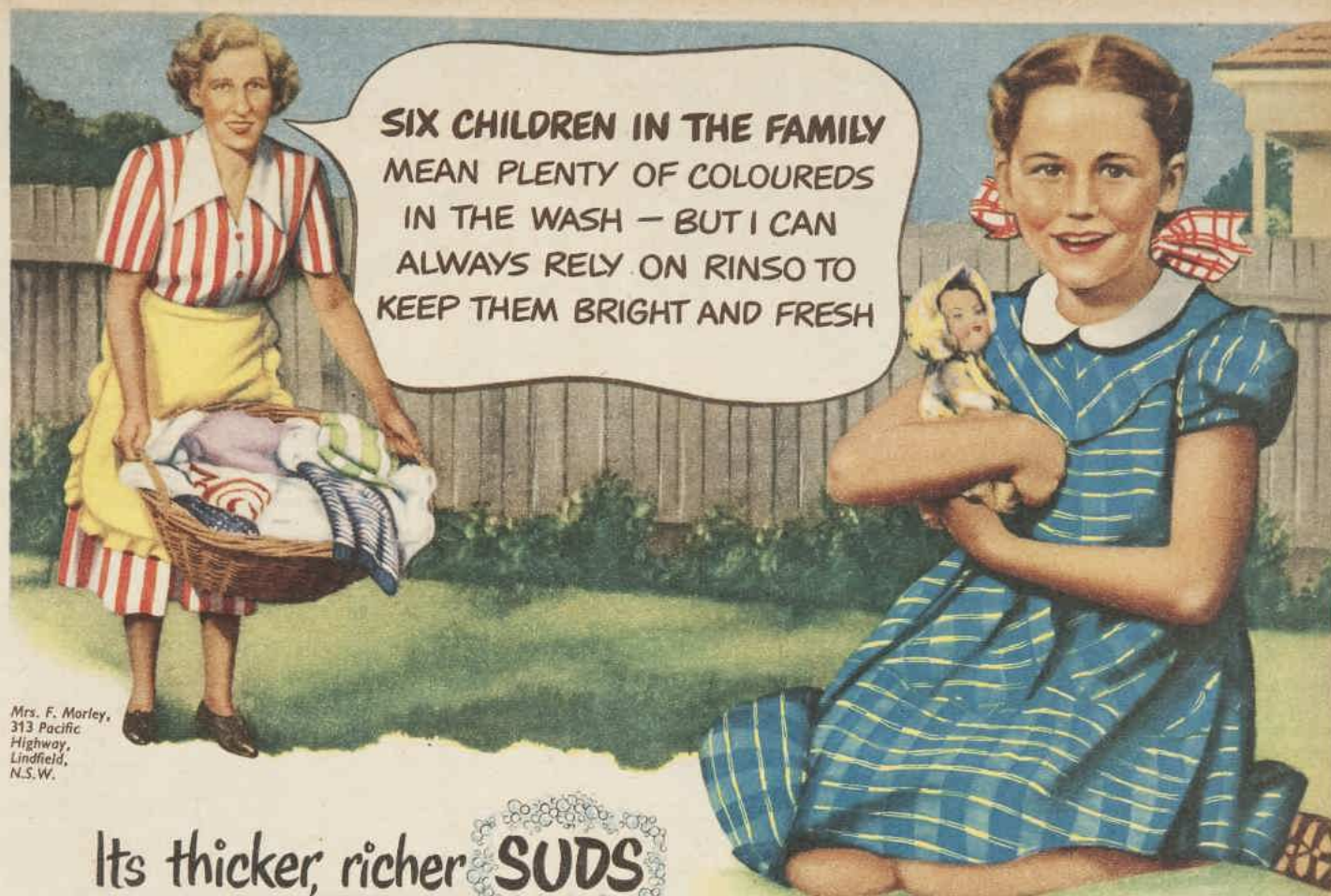
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by Linda Terry

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OOH...A RED FIRE-MAN'S SHIRT...HIS FAVORITE COLOR'S THE SAME AS MINE!

HMM...INTERESTING TASTE IN GIRLS. PERHAPS I OUGHTA BLEACH MY HAIR...

PSST, PIPS, HERE HE COMES!! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH ADORABLE FRECKLES?!!

OOH, MY GOODNESS!! -AND SIX FEET TWO AT LEAST!! I'M SWOONIN'!

OH, ER, I'D LIKE YOU GIRLS TO MEET MY BROTHER, PEETY.

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is woman's desire.

Likewise to be poised to perfection; Then to hang half the day on a wire To keep her "best boy" in subjection. Vogues and vanities make up her life. Till there's coughs, colds and chills to endure; When, you bet, she's as keen as a knife For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ing softly and the audience is waiting for you to show what a skilful performer you are. Never fear, you'll rise to the occasion on May 19.

VIRGO (August 23-Sept. 23): As an eager beaver you certainly build quickly and wisely, but now the drill is to rest up so you'll be even more eager to make your bow soon. On May 17, hibernate.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23): Those who have an important date and wish to make an impression should strive to wear a touch of blue, the color of their ruler, Venus. This will attract favorable influences in business affairs on May 15.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22): Tune up that magnetism which is Scorpio's great stock-in-trade. If the man in your life has been slow to respond, persuade him you're a cross between Cleopatra and Pompadour on May 18.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 20): You're a lucky dog at any time, but right now you're coasting along through pleasant scenery, making the grades without effort, happy with your pals. News on May 21 may take you right to the peak.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21-Jan. 19): You hate backing anything but a "dead cert." By nature, you're no gambler, yet Fate's throw of the dice on May 17 may fall to your advantage, and you'll find yourself clutching what you'd never hoped to have.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 19): Aquarians with a housing problem may solve it on May 19. Not that they spend much time at home, but, after all, they need a place to sleep. Aunt Mchitabel might even come to town and crowd in on you in your one room and kitchenette.

PISCES (Feb. 20-March 20): Stumbling along with their minds in a rosy haze, Pisceans often miss the soberer opportunities which flower by the wayside. If you shed those iridescent dreams for a bird in the hand on May 16, you won't be sorry.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orles Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This Orles Compound only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

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Many peach-blossom complexions and smooth olive skins have lost their lustre through vitamin deficiency, causing embarrassing pimples. Yeaston, a pure active yeast, is one of the richest known forms of vitamins B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly will soon repair your diet.

Yeaston also gives relief to: Boils, Abscesses and Carbuncles, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Fatigue, Children's Upset Stomach, Flatulence, Blood Disorders and general ailments which come with vitamin deficiency.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 19, 1951

Page 51

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"LILIAN." A four-piece lingerie set, has attractive styling and lace trim. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine and color choice includes pink, blue, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. Nightgown, price 57/11; slip, 38/9; bed-jacket, 41/3; and scanties, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 21/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. Nightgown, price, 51/3; slip, 28/9; bed-jacket, 29/9; and scanties, sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, 14/6.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 36 and 38in. bust. Nightgown, price, 71/11; slip, 41/3; bed-jacket, 42/11; and scanties, sizes 30 and 32in. waist, 23/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36 and 38in. bust. Nightgown, price, 54/9; slip, 30/3; bed-jacket, 31/3; and scanties, sizes 30 and 32in. waist, 15/6.

NOTE—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61.

SUDDENLY.

Susan did not want to see the smile wiped from Louis' face. She wanted to continue talking to him, experience for a little time longer his new friendliness and ease.

She said, "Aren't I intruding then? Hadn't I better go?"

He laughed softly, a small, pleased laugh. "That's not possible. You won't find another seat here. And besides, you haven't had your drink."

"Surely you're not being fair. If you're waiting for your wife, you shouldn't have suggested a drink."

He smiled lazily. "Don't go. I'm always fascinated by an American accent."

"I'm not staying just for you to listen to my accent."

He leaned forward suddenly, his outstretched hand almost touching hers. "Look, I needed someone like you badly just at the moment. I'd like to tell you exactly why, but you might laugh."

It was difficult now to disguise her own eagerness. "Probably my sense of humor is a little better than that."

"I'm sorry. That was wrong, of course." His face twisted strangely, and Susan saw the first sign of weariness and pain in it. He wasn't smiling now. "I just felt I had to talk to someone about it, but it's so difficult to begin."

She said in a low voice: "Why begin? One sometimes regrets pouring one's heart out to a stranger." She couldn't have explained why she said it. It was like a warning to him, almost an appeal not to break down his defences, not to make himself vulnerable.

The drinks arrived then, and when the waiter had gone he raised his glass to her in a slight gesture. "Well . . . here's to all the people who come along at the right time."

All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 48

"Oh . . . that! The change won't be in her but in me. Since I saw her last I've had a bullet in my skull. There's been whole chunks and pieces of my life I can't remember a thing about. Being married is one of them."

She couldn't say anything.

He said quickly: "Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I forget that it embarrasses other people. I'm used to it now. It doesn't bother me any more—except at a time like this. That's why I wanted you to sit here and talk to me. It makes waiting a lot easier, you know."

"Glad if I can help." She hated the thin little platitude which escaped her. This was worse than lies.

"You are helping, you know, but like all nice people you don't want to intrude. Well, suppose you forget about me and enjoy your drink."

"Let's be fair, shall we? This isn't any ordinary drink, or any ordinary conversation." It was all making her sick, but for some stupid, impossible reason she went on: "You can't expect me to talk about the weather when you're waiting to keep an appointment with an unknown wife."

"It's not an appointment. She's not expecting me. I'm sitting here solely because if someone walks through those doors whom I can remember—even faintly—then a whole chunk of my life is going to slip back into place. That's all. A fairly long shot, but it might come off."

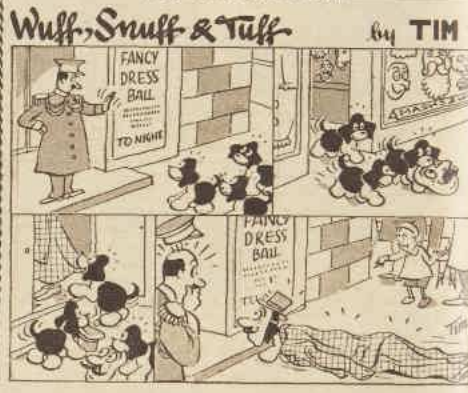
"What if it doesn't click?"

He shrugged. "Then I'm no worse off, am I?" With hardly a break, he continued: "Have another drink?"

"Thanks. I don't think I will." She wanted badly to get away from him.

Please turn to page 53

FOR THE CHILDREN



see how pretty your figure can be

AWAY go unwanted inches and, in their place, you have smoothly curved hips, tiny waist and accented bosom to make all your clothes look more attractive. That's what Merica does for you, and does it comfortably too! Merica makes it easy for you to improve on Nature and to be the lovely woman you want to be.



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Underneath your frocks and sweaters, this is the bra that improves your figure most. Satin and lace in a clever combination to give you a graceful, accented uplift and definite "separation."

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Never a bulge to mar your figure with this wonderful wrap-around corset. The adjustable "diamond-stitched" midriff panel hugs your waistline, smooths away inches—takes years off your figure!

LOUIS, equally, seemed anxious to prolong this conversation. "Why not? Have I bored you? I didn't mean to." He won the point, as he had done so many times before. Yet it was not quite the same as all those other times—an appeal, not a demand. "Won't you, please?"

Troubled, Susan allowed him to order another drink. This was such madness; why did she not put an end to it? What had happened to all her rationalised planning of how this interview should have gone.

The enigma lay in Louis. He had taken charge of the situation with strange, unpredictable hands, and had whisked it to and fro where he pleased. She had followed dumbly, unable to do anything else. Without trying to stop herself, she said at last: "You're a curious man."

He was genuinely surprised. "And why?"

"And why not? You've just told me something most people wouldn't tell their greatest friend. And I'm a complete stranger."

He laughed outright now. She saw suddenly, amazingly, that he was enjoying himself. "But haven't you ever met anyone you know instinctively ought to have been your greatest friend?"

Forgetting the evil combination of circumstances, forgetting, even, that this was Louis, she laughed also. "That's a complete untruth."

She continued to laugh until she remembered that she would have to relate all this to Paul. The thought sobered her; her conduct was inexplicable. Why in Heaven's name didn't she tell Louis the truth and be done with it?

The interval caused by the arrival of the drinks gave her a little time. She knew that when she went upstairs she would have to say to Paul:

All Else Is Folly

"I didn't tell Louis because I liked him so much as he is, that I didn't want to see him change back into the person I knew before." As baldly as that.

She felt better because she had put it straight in her own mind. There was a certain amount of self-respect to be regained by being honest, even thus far.

She said to Louis: "What else did you think?"

"Can I tell you?" There was a strange eagerness about him.

"For one wild moment when you stood in front of me I thought you might be my wife. But then I knew I was wrong, and I felt slightly foolish. You see," he added, "no one's ever bothered to tell me what my wife looked like. I haven't even got a photograph of her. So I'm not altogether to blame, am I?"

She colored, and hoped he wouldn't notice it. "No, you're not."

THERE was a little silence, then Louis said thoughtfully, "It seems to me I'm making an awful play for your good opinion." He paused, obviously trying to sum up his companion. "You're not just a tourist," he stated at length.

"Then what am I?" There was an eager note in her voice.

"I don't know. I won't bore you by trying to guess, either. Do you live in New York?"

"All of the year except the summer."

"What do you do in summer?"

"Go home to Maine. I have a sort of farm there."

"What's a sort of farm?"

Louis pushed his drink aside. "Well . . . two cows and a few chickens and a stream to fish in. And Agatha."

"Who's Agatha?"

"She's looked after me since

Continued from page 52

I was a little girl, and she cooks like an angel. There's only Agatha and me left."

Louis had never heard about all this—about her agile, sharp little grandmother Katie who'd been alive at the time she'd married. Katie had never forgiven her for not marrying an American; she had gloried wickedly when Susan had come home without Louis.

Katie hadn't wanted Susan's half-English child, either. Yet Susan had loved the sharp-tongued little Katie with all her heart. They'd loved and hurt each other unceasingly.

She brought her mind reluctantly back to her surroundings. "When this is finished I must go."

"Yes," he said, "I know." She wondered exactly why she was disappointed in his answer.

When she stood up at last, he rose also, slowly. "I'm sorry you've got to go," he said. "I've enjoyed talking to you."

He watched her as she walked away, and he saw, too, the heads of many men in the lounge turn also to watch her. Then he went to the reception desk. "Has Mrs. Tate booked in yet?"

The clerk ran his pencil down the list with a dummy-like motion. "Yes, sir, she has. Shall I ask the switchboard to get her for you?"

"No, don't bother," Louis turned his back and walked towards the door.

Paul was waiting in Susan's room when she arrived. He asked promptly, "How did it go?"

"Not too badly."

That was a lie, but she didn't know how to begin to

INTERESTING PEOPLE



WINIFRED DAVENPORT

... tinkers with engines

ONLY woman in Australia to be admitted as an associate member of the Institution of Engineers is slight, dark-haired Brisbane girl Winifred Davenport, who was also the first woman in Queensland to gain the Diploma of Mechanical Engineering. As a draughtswoman in the Harbours and Marine Department, she is busy with structural designs on weekdays, but turns to practical engineering at weekends, when she dons overalls and tinkers with engines.

She didn't answer at once. She couldn't. At length she said jerkily, "Because . . . oh, Paul . . . he told me he was waiting for his wife. He hadn't seen her for six years, and he couldn't remember what she looked like. How could I tell him after that?"

Paul was frowning.

"I should have stayed with you. It would have cleared things up a bit."

"No, it didn't matter. I won't be seeing him again. He can go on thinking I was just a stranger he bought a drink for."

"Why won't you be seeing him again?"

"How can I . . . now?"



PROFESSOR Z. COWEN

... constitutional adviser

RECENTLY returned to Melbourne from Oxford, where he was a lecturer in Law and a Fellow at Oriel, Professor Zelman Cowen is to take up appointment as Dean of Faculty of Law and Professor of Public Law at Melbourne University. A Rhodes Scholar in 1940, he saw five years' service with the Royal Navy, and was constitutional adviser to British Military Government, and later to U.S. Government in Germany after the end of the war.



MRS. C. RICHARDSON

... first yearling sale

OUTSTANDING show-ring rider Mrs. Constance Richardson owns a stud farm on the Darling Downs, and is the only woman bloodstock breeder in Queensland. Recently she held her first yearling sale. Thoroughly experienced at her job, she was reared on her father's stud farm near Toowoomba, and, with her late husband, was manager of a stud property at Durranbandi. She grooms her own horses. Says she can't remember when she didn't ride.

"How are you going to avoid it? Didn't he come here just to meet you. He'll probably be on the phone in a minute or two. What are you thinking of, Sue?"

Again Susan couldn't find an answer, and after a moment, Paul said slowly, "You realise this means that you still care very much about what Louis thinks of you."

"No . . ."

He cut in: "Yes! The point is that he liked the woman he met down there, and—consciously or unconsciously—he doesn't like his wife."

Please turn to page 55

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24 for 1'6 - 100 for 4'9

All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 53

SUSAN tried to break in, but even while she sought vainly for the right words, Paul was saying, "You've made up your mind that you won't see Louis, because you don't want to be associated with the woman he dislikes as his wife. It's as simple as that."

"Nothing's so simple as that, Paul."

"In this case it is. Louis attracted you enough to make you want to hold his good opinion. If you really wanted to be free of him you wouldn't have cared."

"Does all this matter very much?"

"That's my line, Sue. You answer it yourself. You want to have your kid, don't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then you've got to see Louis—as his wife."

"Paul, I can't. I can arrange things through his solicitors. Besides, he doesn't intend to see me. It's not just a matter of my choice."

"O.K., Sue. It's your show."

Susan, about to turn away from him, halted, fearful because Paul's support seemed to be withdrawing from her. She shivered slightly. "But I don't understand what good it will do if I see him again."

"If you see him again you'll know whether you want to go through with this divorce or not."

"Is this an ultimatum?"

"Could be. But I didn't intend it to sound like one." Suddenly he caught her in his arms and began to kiss her.

She moved slightly in his clasp, and relaxed again. He went on kissing her until all thought of Louis slipped from her.

Paul took Susan to dinner at a small restaurant which had been his favorite during the early days of the war. He began to chat easily about those days, so that at length, it was Susan who brought the conversation back to Louis.

"I can't make up my mind what to do. If I could find out more about him—about the accident—it would be easier. He told me almost nothing."

"He has a brother, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Contact him. He'll be able to tell you."

"No. I don't want to see Racey."

"Why not? You didn't quarrel with him, too, did you?"

Susan laughed quickly. "No one quarrelled with Racey. He and I used to have blazing rows, and then go out and have a drink together and forget about it. I was with him when I first met Louis."

"And Racey—what's he like?"

She shrugged, looking down at her soup. "Much the same as Louis. They were both crazy about flying."

Paul raised his eyebrows. "Is that all?"

She nodded. "Practically. It seemed to me that was all they lived for. Racey was



"Oh, no...!"

night-flying when Louis and I were married, and he came up to London between ops. to be best man."

"You'd better see Racey, Sue."

She roused herself to some faint protest, but subsided before the words were formed. He saw her shoulders slip downwards, and that angered him more than anything. "All right," she said.

But she was afraid. She was holding back her fear because Paul couldn't understand what he was suggesting she should do. It was more terrible, more frightening than anything she had imagined. A meeting with Racey would bring back in its savage truth the misery of the early days of her marriage before she had learned what to expect from both of them.

They had been so alike those two—Louis and Racey. Scarcely any difference except that perhaps Racey, of the two, had seemed more human—never quite possessing Louis' indifference to danger and death. Racey had held her close when the bombs were falling, and sometimes, when the dance-floor had shaken beneath them, had reassured her with brief, swift words.

With Louis it was different. For him the prospect of death had held as little novelty, as little awe as sitting down to drink at a table with a stranger.

She shivered with the memory of it. It was into those recesses of his mind she had been unable to penetrate, and so their marriage had ended with uncomfortable relief on his part and frank dismay at its failure on hers.

Realising that Paul was speaking, Susan roused herself from her thoughts.

"You must see Racey," he was saying, "and afterwards... well, it depends upon yourself what you'll do about Louis."

She nodded again, fighting the reluctance which slowly mounted in her. "There's Midge, too."

"Racey will know about her. He's the one to ask."

"Yes," she said slowly. She was thinking then that he understood her fear quite as well as she, but refused to admit it.

The flat seemed emptier than usual when Louis got home. He switched on all the lights in the living-room, put a match to the fire laid in the grate, and watched the slow flame for a while.

When it was firmly established, the black cat came out of the kitchen and began rubbing around him, purring

in its muted fashion. The cat had no name. Louis called it anything which came into his head, and the cat never took any notice.

It didn't belong to him, and although it arrived in the mews one night and had four days after run into the flat whenever the door was opened it never would belong to Louis. He felt that it merely bided its time with him, and that one day it would leave.

The cat remained by the fire while he went into the hall to collect the letters on the table, gazed unblinkingly at him as he mixed a drink. He stroked it absently, as he sat down and began sipping the letters.

There wasn't much. A bill, two receipts, a notice of a club dinner, and lastly, a letter from his father.

Please turn to page 56

93%
had BAD TEETH

Last year an examination by dentists of 75,000 Australian children, between 6 and 9 years showed that 93% of them had some unsound teeth.

Though only a dentist can remedy dental trouble, Pyrex used daily will help to prevent it. Pyrex Tooth Powder is ideal for young children. It will keep their teeth gleaming white, protect the gums, and is the perfect dental hygiene.

Protect your children's teeth and gums (and your own) with



PYREX
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Needlework Notions

No. 821—INFANT'S LAYETTE
A dainty four-piece layette, comprising track, coat, slip, and pithers, is cut out and is traced ready to embroider. The material is cream woolen twill. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Complete set, 54/3; track, 20/11; coat, 22/3; slip, 11/9; pithers, 8/9.

No. 822—BLOUSE
This attractive blouse is cut out ready to make in striped cotton haircord. The color choice includes pink/white, sage-blue/white, green/white, and red/white. Sizes: 32 and 34 in. Bust, 17 1/2, 36 and 38 in. Bust, 39/8.

No. 823—GOOD-MORNING SET
A pretty set available traced ready to embroider on cream and white Irish linen and British cotton in shades of pastel—green, pink, blue, and lemon. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen tray-cloth, 11 in. x 5 1/2 in., 4/11; linen tea-cosy, 12 in. x 10 in., 5/8; linen serviettes, 11 in. x 11 in., 1/6. Cotton tray-cloth, 2 1/2 in. cotton tea-cosy, 2/9; cotton serviettes, 1/3.

No. 824—THROWOVER
An attractively designed throwover traced to embroider on organdie. The color choice includes white, sky-blue, lemon, pale green, and pink. Throwover measures 36 in. x 36 in. Lace to finish not supplied. Price, 8/3.

• When ordering Needlework Notions please make a second color choice. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

• Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 53. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



823

824

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY

LOUIS read the letter slowly, noticing the uncertain scrawl of the handwriting and how, here and there, his father neglected to finish a sentence. "Racey has been down again," he wrote. "We see him quite often."

Louis turned the page thoughtfully. Racey... the beloved son, how the old man worshipped him. Land and money which could be ill-spaced from Hythebourne had provided the runway and hangar for Racey's plane, and now the old man lived only for the week-ends when Racey came down to fly.

The writing continued unsteadily: "Charlotte must have a pony soon. Goldi is too slow for her now. You should come to see the child more often, Louis. She misses you."

This last was not wholly true. Midge, a strange little child, missed no one very much. She was shy, reserved, oddly precocious, uncomfortable in the presence of anyone save her grandfather or Racey, both of whom she adored.

Midge was seven, and for the four years since her grandmother's death, she had lived alone at Hythebourne with the old man and one manservant.

She needed a governess more than a pony, but no governess could be persuaded to stay in that house.

Louis shifted in his chair uneasily. Poor little beggar! He knew, vaguely, that other small girls weren't like Midge, but he didn't quite know what to do about it, or even in which direction the difference lay.

He laid the letter down swiftly. Something would have to be done about Midge soon, in spite, or perhaps because of his father.

The cat jumped down from the chair and looked at him angrily when he got up. If it had dared to, it would have spat. Louis said: "Look, cat, I'm going to work. You can have the chair to yourself now if you want it." Instead the cat turned his back and sank down before the fire, eyes closed.

All Else Is Folly

Continued from page 55

Louis rather reluctantly moved towards his desk and got out the chapter he had been working on. He sat down and read the last page. It wasn't too bad, but it was several days since he'd worked on it. The thread was going to be difficult to pick up again.

He screwed a blank sheet of paper into the typewriter, and swiftly tapped out the first sentence of a new paragraph. He read the sentence over, then blotted it out hurriedly. He tried it again, and it wasn't any better than before. Then he grew angry and impatient with himself.

He should have known it was useless to try to work this evening. He still felt a shoot of anger through him when he remembered the clerk's empty efficiency in telling him that his wife had already registered. It was pretty bad to think he'd been married to a woman for more than two years and hadn't recognised her when she'd walked across the foyer in front of his eyes.

Was the blankness ever going to end; were the bits ever going to fall into place again?

PUSHING the chair impatiently aside, Louis got up. There wasn't a thing he could do except go through with this divorce and hope that the woman who was his wife would cease to trouble his thoughts any longer.

It seemed a long time afterwards, and he had refilled the glass several times, when the quiet buzz of the phone started in the hall. He took his drink with him when he went to answer it. It seemed to take a long time for him to lift the handpiece into position. "Hello."

"Hello, Louis." This was Elizabeth's quiet voice. This was the woman who expected to marry him when his divorce was final. He had written Elizabeth into his story and

QUIZ ANSWERS

Here are the answers to Quiz on page 48:

1. A type of permanent hair waving; 2. Bulldozer adapted for felling trees; 3. War by means of chemicals, germs, and electronic devices; 4. Member of a Communist action committee; 5. Prevented from travelling, etc., by strikes; 6. Operation at the base of the brain for relief of mental illness; 7. Transportation of supplies by air to the western zones of Berlin; 8. Vibrations of higher frequency than audible sound; 9. With pleasing voice qualities; 10. Activity characteristic of a spiv.

had said she possessed beauty of a classical kind, with silver-blond hair. Sometimes she looked so perfect he didn't think it was necessary to talk to her, but just to look. This annoyed Elizabeth.

"Louis, are you alone?"

"I think so. There's something sitting in front of the fire, but I think it's only the cat."

He imagined, rather than heard, the small intake of breath. She said tonelessly: "You're drunk."

"Yes, terribly."

He knew she wanted to reproach him, and he knew also that she was afraid. Elizabeth wasn't often afraid to say exactly what she thought.

"You can ring me when you're sober," she said finally. "We might be able to talk then." The click of the phone when she put it down was gentle, but quite decided.

He stood looking at it rather foolishly. He hadn't had any intention of being rude to Elizabeth, but he wasn't sorry. Ideas weren't sharp in his mind any more; they all had a pleasant blur on their edges, so that when he reached out for a telephone directory, he didn't quite register what he was doing.

It was more of a trouble than he expected, finding the number, but he got it at last and dialled it. An operator's voice, brisk and efficient like the clerk's, answered him.

He said slowly, his tones thickened with the drink: "I want to speak to Mrs. Taite."

As Susan picked up the receiver, a strange hesitation, almost like a premonition, came over her. It was a long time before she said "Hello," and as she did, Paul came into the room.

He stood watching her, but her face told him nothing except that she was listening. For perhaps a minute she waited and then slowly replaced the receiver. She slumped down on the bed, shoulders hunched, hands clasped between her legs.

"That was Louis," she said. "He waited till he heard my voice, then he hung up."

Paul came towards her, and now he was struggling not to betray his furious anger. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," she said. "Quite sure." She bent forward and her head slipped down into her hands. He heard her give a little sigh, low and wretched.

To be continued

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PRICELESS SKIN
WITH



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Your skin is priceless—
pamper it with

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

Ideal for Toilet and Nursery



Not afraid to
bend or stoop!

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM RELIEVED
Gardening and odd jobs are a pleasure again when backache and aching joints are relieved. These pains are often a warning of tired kidneys which leave an excess of acids in the blood and may cause backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Millions of sufferers have found relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. If you suspect your kidneys, get DOAN'S. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

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for ALL MINOR SKIN
INJURIES

Skinned Knuckles, Abrasions, Scratches,
Grazes, Blistered Heels.
Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.

Beauty in brief: Hair-do's of the moment

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A convention of 25,000 New York beauticians has decided that fashionable women will adopt four hair-styles a year—one for each season.

AFTER a four-day conference in Manhattan Centre the stylists, who represented top people in the beauty profession in 15 European and American countries, agreed:

● For spring, off-the-face coiffures will feature soft waves lifting the forehead and hugging the neckline towards the back of the neck. Evening wear will feature the bustle back, achieved either with the wearer's own hair or a chignon.

● For summer, waves will be tighter and the hair clipped to two inches above the neckline. Experts stressed that this does not mean revival of shingle cuts. The feminine look must be retained at all costs.

● For autumn, hair will be allowed to grow longer, but will continue to feature soft waves.

● For winter, even longer hair will be worn, locks being swept back towards the nape of the neck. This new long length will reach within an inch of the shoulders. The bustle back may be worn in winter, too. Where a chignon is used, it can be modelled as an over-the-top-of-the-head braid and decorated with flowers for day wear, artificial jewellery for after dark.

According to the panel of judges, women should be permitted to decide just which variation of accepted styles suits them best.

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S.W.P. provides a weather-resisting film for greater protection to home exteriors... metal frames... iron work... and ensures a long-lasting and beautiful paint film for the outside of your home.



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I'll Show Them

MEG heard a hint of exasperation in Jimmy's voice as he said, "Then for pity's sake—"

"I'm just tired, I expect," she told him. "I'll get the meal. I'll feel better then."

"You were up half the night, that's the trouble probably," he suggested.

Meg nodded. It was not the trouble, she knew, but as yet she could not clearly have said what it was, so that she talked very little as they ate, and after a few moments Jimmy picked up a farming paper and became engrossed.

"Coming to look at the calf?" he asked, just before bedtime, and took up the lantern from beside the door.

For a moment Meg hesitated, and then, seeing the expression on her husband's face she rose and followed him into the dusty, spring night.

The young cow, having fed her offspring, stood contentedly chewing her cud. The calf stared at the light with deep blue drowsy eyes, his nose wrinkling a little as it savored the scents of the night air.

"Isn't he perfect?" Jimmy said exultantly.

"Yes, lovely," Meg agreed, but the sight failed to move her to-night, and she realised with sharp misery that here was a moment that should have been good, utterly satisfying, yet that it had escaped her completely. The calf might have been a toy one for all the response she felt within herself.

"He'll be very valuable,

Continued from page 5

won't he?" she said, and knew with fresh unhappiness that Jimmy had sensed the dead quality in her voice.

"You run along to bed, darling," he said kindly. "I'll be up in a few minutes."

It was after he had been asleep for a long time that Meg, sleepless still, strove to analyse her feelings. She heard again Lottie's voice, light and charming, even kindly: "Well, it was rather a shock, darling, to see you so changed," and "Couldn't you do anything about your hands, my sweet? We always said what lovely hands you had."

And then later: "Of course, it's awfully difficult, living in the country, to keep up with new clothes ideas, but perhaps I could send you down some fashion papers."

AND lastly, just as she was leaving, "Well, if you and Jimmy can come to this affair I'm helping to organise, we'd love you to, but I expect you'll be too busy."

The "affair" was a big charity ball. Any number of Lottie's friends and acquaintances would be there. Once-time acquaintances of Meg's, too, before she had married an agricultural student and set up farming with him.

Meg turned over on her back, clasping her hands behind her head, staring at the moonlight on the ceiling. It was absurdly hard to remem-

ber that the world in which she had lived, the world of theatres, and ballet, and dances, was still going on up there in the city, so immersed had she become in this new green world of harvests and animals; of weather that was no longer just a fine or wet day, but something of vital importance, to be greeted with rejoicing, or on occasion with despair.

Yet possibly Lottie had been right. If not in essence, then in part at least. And Lottie-like, she had to be provocative, unconsciously a little feline.

Once, long ago it seemed now, Meg had found a certain swift amusement in the subtle battle of words; had fenced delicately and cleverly with the feminine weapons that were part words, part looks, and often merely the haunting of a conquest that varied from some clever nonsense that was called a hat, to the subjugation of some unsuspecting male.

And according to our lights we fought fair, Meg thought, and suddenly her long, softly curved mouth turned upward in a smile. "I'll show them," she thought, and fell instantly into a dreamless sleep.

The next day she cycled four miles to the house of a friend to borrow an armful of fashion papers, and turned out the entire contents of her wardrobe.

Jimmy's evening clothes were perfectly all right, she discovered with satisfaction. Not a moth hole, not a stain. For herself an amalgamation

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

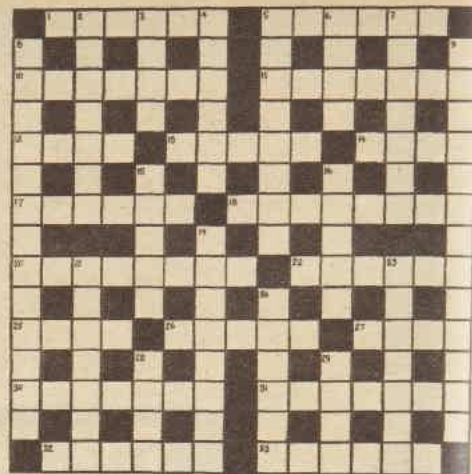
ACROSS

- Vegetable detrimental to motor vehicles (6).
- Span turned about Sagittarius (5).
- Unvarying dress of soldiers (7).
- Short man and the French island both are Aryan (7).
- You and I in the middle of a pitcher (4).
- Postpone nearly backed by time (5).
- Performance from both sides (4).
- Choice morsel what a small bird snatched at (6).
- I can rest (Anag. 8).
- Obtains by pressure from former large regions (8).
- Such dance is performed in fancy costume (6).
- O noise! how godly you are! (4).
- Legal assignment given by a king insect (5).
- Capital city in Europe (4).
- Large-headed nail upset half a score to make a person who learns (7).
- Express in legal form in French bulk (7).
- Corrected (6).
- Pursuer in a game (6).

DOWN

- Food consisting of a kind of lemon in a six footer (7).
- I am surrounded by nonsense in a loud revelling (4).
- Emperor after tea of musing anger (6).
- Charm class as a member of the Church of England (8).
- Jargon which is not able (4).
- He is arrogantly predominant or just a domestic cock (3, 3, 3).
- Prompt answer (5, 4).
- "Bad I'm," said a legendary king when turned, though he had plenty of gold (5).
- The way some people say it.

Continued to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Platform made of a bone in a melody (7).
- Make restitution concerning a deposit (7).
- Purpose in canvas shelter (8).
- It depends on the way how you look on it: it can be a marsh plant or a horsey animal (4).
- Eager though mostly gone (7).

Jimmy responded not at all. She broached the subject after a good dinner, with what she considered tact and wifely persuasion.

"I can't possibly leave the farm," he said bluntly, when she had told him of the dance.

"Yes, you can," Meg told him. "I've got young Smith to promise to come here for the two days, and old Martha

will stay here the night and look after him and the chicks."

"But why on earth should we go?"

"It would be fun, darling."

He looked at her sharply and demanded, "Are you beginning to get sick of this sort of life?"

Please turn to page 62

NOW WE'RE A FOURSOME!



WE HARDLY SEE THE CHILDREN THESE DAYS—
THE HOUSE IS JUST DEAD.



WHY NOT COME TO GOLF
WITH ME? YOU USED
TO LOVE IT!



GOLF! THE WAY
I FEEL?

IT MUST BE OLD AGE!
I TAKE THIS AND THAT,
BUT I STILL FEEL RUN-DOWN.
I'D BETTER HAVE
A TALK WITH
DR. FELL.



IT'S NOT AGE THAT'S TIRING YOU
MRS. HUNTER—IT'S LACK OF
REGULARITY. AND YOU CAN BE
REGULAR WITHOUT MEDICINES.
I'LL TELL YOU HOW...



GOLLY,
MUM'S
FULL OF LIFE
NOW!



DAD SAYS SHE'S THE
YOUNGEST IN THE
FAMILY
THESE
DAYS!

Read what the Doctor told Mrs. Hunter...

YOUR HEALTH DEPENDS ON
WHAT YOU EAT—EVERY DAY.
TODAY'S SOFT, OVER-COOKED
FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL
BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS FOR
REGULAR ELIMINATION. KELLOGG'S
ALL BRAN SUPPLIES SMOOTH-
ACTING BULK WHICH HELPS PREPARE INTERNAL
WASTES FOR EASY, GENTLE AND NATURAL
ELIMINATION. YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN* is a natural laxative,
*Registered Trade Mark
health food and blood tonic

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and is a natural source of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes,

Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. Kellogg's All-Bran not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time. Being a wholesome food, it gives you strength and energy—instead of taking it out of you.



DELICIOUS THIS WAY...

Kellogg's All-Bran has a toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran today and discover what regularity REALLY means! Sold at all grocers.

Fashion begins with Vantona's new



Magnificent NEW designs • Glorious NEW colours • Luxurious NEW-type heavy fabrics

Vantona are setting the fashion with their new Court de Luxe bedcovers, a fashion of beauty and luxury that is unique! The glorious new colours, the wonderful new-type heavy weave that gives the Court de Luxe a luxurious weight, the traditional designs based on classical inspirations that never age, all these combine to make the Court de Luxe a bedcover of unsurpassed magnificence and beauty! How smoothly, too, it drapes day after day, giving an air of charm to your room, a regal elegance that the years cannot dim!

Here indeed is English craftsmanship at its best, craftsmanship unmatched the world over!

Choose your "Court de Luxe" from 6 different designs, each in any of the following colours — ROYAL BLUE, RESEDA GREEN, BURGUNDY OR OYSTER.

Actual sizes: for single beds 76" x 108".
for double beds 90" x 108".

Other Court Bedcovers in sizes 70" x 100" and 90" x 100".
Prices from 35/- to 9 gns.



DELIGHTFUL AS MATCHING CURTAINS, TOO!

When you buy your Vantona bedcover, get another in the same design and colour. You will find that the extra one, made into matching curtains, will lend added charm to your bedroom.

Your favourite store will enjoy showing you

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Court
BEDCOVERS

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED • MANCHESTER • ENGLAND

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Your silverware
will stay
brighter, longer
when you use..

**KIWI
GLINT**

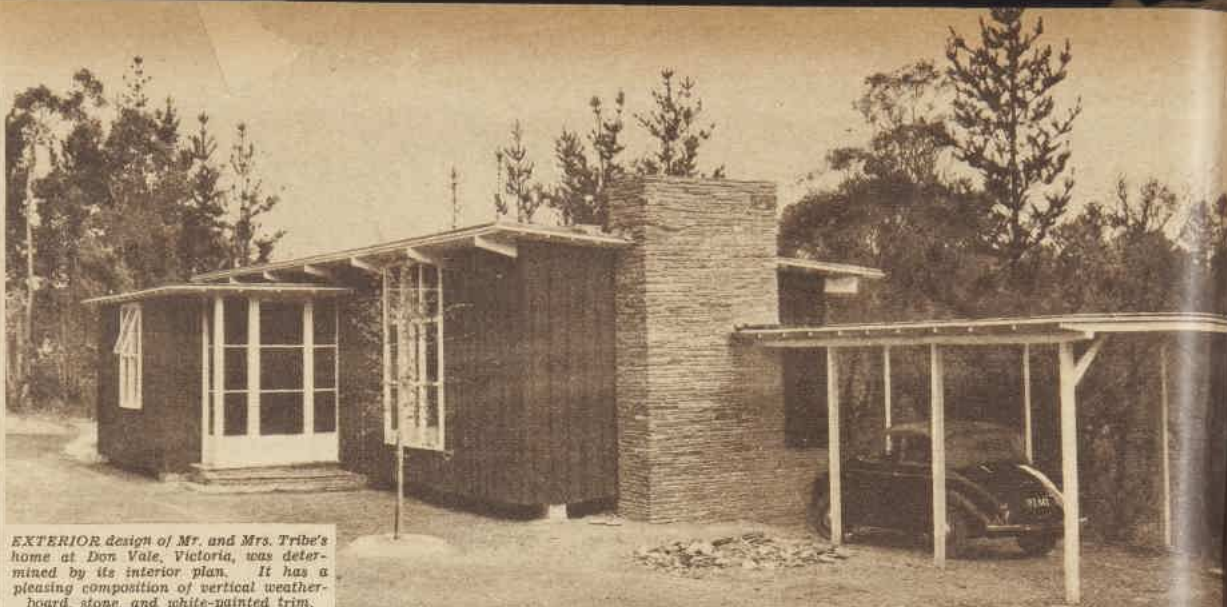
The Multi-purpose Cleaner
That Saves Time, Energy and Money.

Just wipe on Glint—and wipe off
dirt. Silverware gleams with
sparkling brilliance—and stays
brighter longer. No arm aching
polishing. Glint is excellent for
chromium and stainless steel—and
wonderful for windows!



2/6 TIN

Slightly higher
in some
country centres
3142



EXTERIOR design of Mr. and Mrs. Tribe's
home at Don Vale, Victoria, was deter-
mined by its interior plan. It has a
pleasing composition of vertical weather-
board, stone, and white-painted trim.

Big little house in the country

By EDNA HORTON LEWIS

IN their recently built
home at Don Vale,
Victoria, Mr. and Mrs.
Horace Tribe have pro-
vided room for six people
with a floor space of only
10 squares.

Some day they hope to build
a larger house for themselves
and their four children, but
meanwhile they are comfort-
able in their big little cottage.

A spacious appearance has
been gained by departing from
the conventional idea of plan-
ning rooms as entirely sepa-
rate compartments. For in-
stance, there is no division be-
tween the kitchen and the
living-room, and the whole
area has been given the same
decorative treatment—tongue-



LIVING-ROOM: Wood and stone used unpre-
tentiously provide a decorative background for
the modern furnishings.



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE DOOR taken from the living-room of Mr. and
Mrs. Tribe's home, showing the partition (composed of cupboards) that
forms one wall of the kitchen recess, and the window overlooking the drive.



"Why are your teeth so much
Whiter today?"

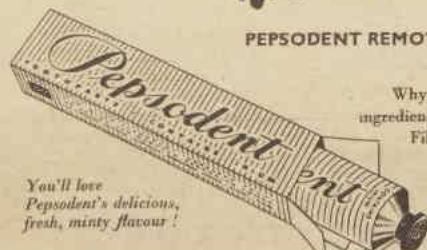
AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

"Because I changed to
New PEPSODENT with Irium"

PEPSODENT REMOVES DULLING FILM—WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH

Why? Because only Pepsodent contains Irium—the wonder
ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on everyone's teeth.
Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay.

Rout dulling film with Pepsodent. Pepsodent, with Irium
removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly—
reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!



You'll love
Pepsodent's delicious,
fresh, minty flavour!



PEPSODENT gives the **WHITEST** teeth



IN the kitchen recess (left), the wall behind the stove is painted persimmon-red to contrast sharply with the natural wood. To produce an interesting contrast in texture, Mr. Tribe "papered" all the plaster-sheet ceilings with hessian and painted each in a different tone.

THE shower-room (right) is screened by cupboards in this unusual utility room. The soiled-linen cupboard, laundry-basin, and washing-machine form a unit on the right wall.

and-groove panelling in natural timber.

In the kitchen, the walls are lined with cupboards in the usual way, but they do not strike the eye as such because they merge into the general decor.

An insulated coke-burning stove has its own flue, and any cooking odors are drawn off by an electric ventilator fan.

The dining-table is placed between the kitchen and living-room sections, and this saves many unnecessary steps in the serving of meals. Large windows at each side of the long living-room look out on to lovely bush surroundings and help to create the feeling of space. Shelves and built-in cupboards are ornamental as well as useful, and the stone fireplace and chimney breast give height and dignity to the room.

Bedroom space for the children, two girls and two boys, has been designed by Mr. Tribe on the ship's-cabin principle, with storage cupboards and dressing-tables forming the partition (about six feet high) between. These two cabins share a play area, fitted with toy cupboards and bookshelves, which serve also as a passage-way to the combined bathroom and laundry.

The coloring used for painted surfaces and furnishing fabrics has been keyed to complement the honey tones of the wood that is the predominant feature of the decor. The living-room curtains are mustard-yellow with the pattern in brown, while the chairs are covered in dark green and golden-yellow, and the ceiling raspberry-red. The ceiling of the kitchen is light blue.

In the children's cabins, curtains are printed in bright blue and white, the bunk-spreads are coral-pink, and the carpet cinnamon-brown. The bathroom-laundry is very gay with bright yellow walls, green ceiling, white woodwork, and green plastic curtains.



ABOVE: Plenty of storage space for books and toys is supplied by cupboard and shelf unit in the playroom. Built-in cupboards and dressing-tables (right) form the partition between the girls' and boys' cabins, each of which has bunks built in on the opposite walls.

★ ★

Don't let
these eyes...

become these

PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT
Sun-glare experienced during active sports can cause eyestrain and headaches. So can "close work" such as reading, office work, knitting. Look for these . . .

DANGER SIGNALS
Smarting Eyes. Bloodshot whites. Styes. Red rims. Watery. Crusted lashes.
At all times take care of your eyes. Rest them, protect them by bathing them regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion.

Free glass eye-bath with every bottle.
Price, 4/3;—triple size 7/2, at all chemists.



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the EYE LOTION
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★ ★

Fortified 'OVALTINE' BRINGS HEALTH TO THE FAMILY

This delicious chocolate-flavoured food beverage provides all the nourishment necessary to keep the whole family fit and healthy. Scientifically prepared from Nature's finest foods — malt, milk and eggs — 'Ovaltine' is Fortified with EXTRA Vitamins A, B, D, Iron and Calcium. EXTRA Vitamins to restore nerve strength and vitality and to maintain a high level of mental and physical fitness — EXTRA Iron and Calcium to ensure healthier blood and stronger bones and teeth. By helping to ensure a balanced and adequate diet for children and grown-ups alike Fortified 'Ovaltine' makes an important contribution to health and fitness. For these reasons make Fortified 'Ovaltine' the regular beverage in your home at meal-times and at intervals during the day. You'll find 'Ovaltine' results can be obtained only from 'Ovaltine'. So start your family drinking their own health in Fortified 'Ovaltine' today.

QUALITY HAS MADE 'OVALTINE' THE MOST POPULAR FOOD BEVERAGE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. 8 oz. tin 3/-. Double the quantity 5/4. (Country prices slightly higher)



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STOP NAUSEA AND INDIGESTION

during car, train, air and sea journeys

Prevent the agonies and embarrassments of travel sickness by taking a few Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets before and during your journey. Travellers who were constant victims of travel sickness declare Quick-Eze a sure and pleasant-tasting treatment.



Quick-Eze Prevent the "Sourness" of Digestive Upsets

Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets are medicated to British Pharmacopoeia Codex standards with specificities that neutralise excess stomach acid and restore the acid-alkaline balance of the digestive system.



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Ask for Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets at Railway Buffets, Airport Kiosks, Chemists, Stores, Milk Bars, Cafes, Confectioners, etc. A six-penny packet will save you hours of misery when travelling.

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Quick-Eze have been specially prepared as the most convenient way of taking an authentic medicament—without fuss, embarrassment, or any need for mixing. These quick-acting, relieving tablets can be taken without anyone noticing. Carry a packet wherever you go.

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Quick-Eze are hygienically packed in spill-proof, dirt-proof, gilt-foil wrapping. Every tablet is thus protected, stays fresh and active to the last one.

QUICK-EZE 6^{PER} PKT.
for INDIGESTION

Choose your children's laxative with care



Children love delicious CALFIG so there is no struggle in administering a dose when little systems are upset. Time-tested CALFIG—the original California Syrup of Figs—is made from the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. It contains no synthetic cathartics, no harsh chemicals. It acts in a gentle, efficient way and is not habit-forming.

Keep a bottle handy for those peevish spells. CALFIG—the NATURAL Laxative—soon restores regularity and happy faces. It's ideal for adult use, too.

Always ask for it by name and insist on CALFIG

Calfig

The Original CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

I'll Show Them

Continued from page 58

Meg cut Jim short. "How can you say that?" she said. "Haven't I worked hard? Haven't I learned to drive a tractor, to plough a straight furrow?"

"Yes, but you said you liked it, you seemed to enjoy it. I thought you were proud of doing a worthwhile job; but apparently you weren't."

"I was, I am," Meg said, her voice rising. "Just because I suggest we go to this ball that Lottie—"

"Lottie! Lottie! She's the root of the trouble, she made you dissatisfied."

"But I'm not dissatisfied. Haven't I shown how I've cared about the farm? Haven't I helped you with the work? Yet when I ask you—" She stopped for want of breath and then ended, the tears stinging her eyes. "Are you coming or shall I go alone?"

"Do you mean that?" "Yes, I do," she said angrily, although a moment ago she had not meant anything of the kind.

"Then you'd better go alone."

"Very well; I'm sure I shall have plenty of partners."

"Not a doubt of it, and not poor farm boys with their hair full of straw, but nice smart city slickers—"

"With good manners," she ended, and went out of the room slamming the door. She went into the bathroom and turned on the taps to hide the sounds of her sobs, just as she had as a small girl.

All she wanted was to dance with Jimmy; for her friends to see how large and brown and virile he was; how handsome he looked in evening dress.

And, of course, to see her, too. To realise that although she rode a tractor and milked cows, she still knew how to dress, how to walk.

She came out of the bathroom dry-eyed and determined. Resolutely she went to bed in cotton gloves, although Jimmy's eyebrows nearly met his hairline in unspoken scorn when he saw them.

She wore gloves, too, about the farmyard, and she took a day off to visit Oxford and came back with her black hair cut in short upturned elfin curls that gave her an illu-sively sophisticated look even in her old slacks and pull-over.

She saw the admiration in Jimmy's eyes. She saw him coldly shutter that look as his eyes met hers. The ball without him would be no fun at all. She no longer wanted to go; only a stubborn determination, and the need to give Charlotte the lie, drove her relentlessly on.

She decided to take an early train to town and rest and change at an aunt's flat. When she confronted herself that evening in a long mirror, she knew that she looked more attractive than she had ever done before.

But Jimmy would not see her. It was his loss, she tried to tell herself defiantly, but she knew in her heart that the loss was as much hers.

There was, however, a brief but undeniable satisfaction at the expression in Charlotte's eyes when she joined her party for dinner before the dance.

"After last week, I can't believe it, Meg darling."

"But why, how odd?" Meg answered in a puzzled tone, banishing that dreadful moment in the farmyard as easily as if she brushed away a feather, and turned smiling to the man beside her at the table.

As she entered the ball-room she knew she would have partners for every dance and that her spirits should have soared. "I'll show them," she had said, but in her mind's eye she had shared this triumph with Jimmy.

It was no longer fun, but just a salutary tonic for her self-esteem, and, like most tonics, it had a faintly disagreeable taste.

She could not rid herself of the morning memory of Jimmy, grim-faced, walking away from her across the farmyard, a bucket in his hand, without a backward look. She guessed that he had not really believed that she was going.

She looked up at the man she was dancing with, enormously tall, red-haired. "Jimmy, did you ever see anyone so tall, so like a great stiff magpie, and with such a schoolboy giggle?"

But she wouldn't be able to say that now, she wouldn't be able to talk to him about tonight at all. She smothered the faint stirrings of a sigh and smiled determinedly.

And then quite suddenly she was aware that someone was watching her, steadily, demanding, and she turned her head and looked straight into her husband's blue eyes.

FALTERING

a little as she danced, Meg mechanically apologised. She had forgotten how extremely handsome Jimmy looked in evening dress, which emphasised his brown skin, his very blue eyes.

He was standing in an archway. He smiled at her, half-remembered, half exultantly, and made a little gesture with his hand that somehow expressed his admiration.

She reached his side at last. "Whatever made you come?" she asked.

"Something happened. I can't explain now, I'll tell you later." He caught at her hand. "You look beautiful. I must dance with you."

She laughed at him. Happiness mounted in her blood, she could have danced alone for very joy.

"I'm awfully booked up," she told him, "but I'll manage one or two. Now I must take you across to my party, they're all looking this way."

They danced together only twice, but at odd exhilarating moments they caught each other's eyes and guessed each other's thoughts.

She saw him dancing with Lottie, and she saw, too, that Lottie was fluttering her eyelashes, as she always did when she was with some male she would afterwards describe as "but devastatingly attractive."

She saw the way the other women watched him, and the alacrity with which they went to dance with him.

"Have you the car here?" she asked as she stood near him for a moment.

He nodded.

"Then let's drive straight

back. I can collect my things any time, or get Aunt Olive to send them on."

"Wouldn't you rather stay up?"

"No; it'll be lovely driving down, with the sun rising. It was what I'd planned in the beginning."

It was nearly four o'clock when Jimmy steered the car toward the Western Avenue. Already there was a faintly luminous look above the roof tops, more the suggestion of light to come than light itself.

Meg leant her head on Jimmy's shoulder. She was tired, yet tinglingly aware of all sensation, the rushing dawn wind sweeping past the car, the purr of the engine, the warmth of Jimmy's arm against her side.

She waited until they were clear of the city traffic before she asked the question she had been longing to ask.

"What changed your mind about coming, Jimmy?"

"Old Martha," he told her.

"Martha?" Meg exclaimed, and had a swift vision of the grey-haired old woman in her invariable white apron and black and mauve dress, her gnarled hands, with the worn wedding ring, always busy with some household chore.

"She told me how you felt, and incidentally blew me sky high for being every kind of a drip."

"I don't understand. What did she say?"

"She told me what a far better husband old Alf is to her than I am to you."

His voice changed, took on the old woman's country accent.

"He doesn't grudge me an outing, no, that he doesn't. Every year he takes me to the local Show, and every year I buy myself a new hat for it. A new hat, says Alf, 'all do you good, girl, and into me hand he puts three guineas, and many's the time I've spent all that on a hat, too.'"

"We goes to the best marquee for lunch, cost what it will, and little as we get for the cost, for I like people to see Mine looking smart, Alf says."

Jimmy smiled, but it was a gentle smile. "After that she told me that it did a girl good to smarten up occasionally and to be seen along with her man."

"You come back," she said, "feeling ready for anything. Ah! and if the truth be told, glad enough to be back, for although noise and bustle's fun for a while, it's a woman's home that means most to her."

Jimmy had slowed the car to a standstill, and he turned and faced her.

She put her hands on either side of his face. "But of course," she said, "of course that's true."

"And I was fool enough to think if you got away, had a taste of that sort of thing, you'd never want to come back."

"Idiot!" she said. "One couldn't live on caviare and oysters, marrons glace and champagne, but that isn't to say they aren't fun sometimes. Look, darling," she added, and they turned their heads to the wide fields, the tall trees, grey-green now in the coming dawn, while here and there in cottage or milking-shed the orange light of lamps gleamed, and the first smoke rose up straightly from chimneys, promising a fine day ahead.

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Cupid and Henry Thistlethwaite

When Henry Thistlethwaite began to take an interest in Molly Simpson, the whole neighbourhood sat up and took notice. Henry was the shy, retiring type. Then, out of a clear, blue sky Henry joined the local tennis club. "Henry Thistlethwaite playing tennis?" chortled the neighbours. "Who'll be too bashful even to set foot on the club premises?"

During the first Saturday afternoon, however, Henry was paired off in a mixed doubles with Molly. Three months later the engagement was announced. Molly couldn't get round to her girl friend's quickly enough to show her the ring. "It's lovely, darling," that young woman remarked, "but isn't Henry a wee bit mild?" "You don't know Henry," replied Molly. "He may seem mild, but he's awfully dependable. You can't judge a book by its cover, you know!"

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F6436

F6326

F6438

F6437

F6357

F6357.—Waisted jacket has cuffed sleeves and smart twin over-collars. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

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